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LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

MACAULAY

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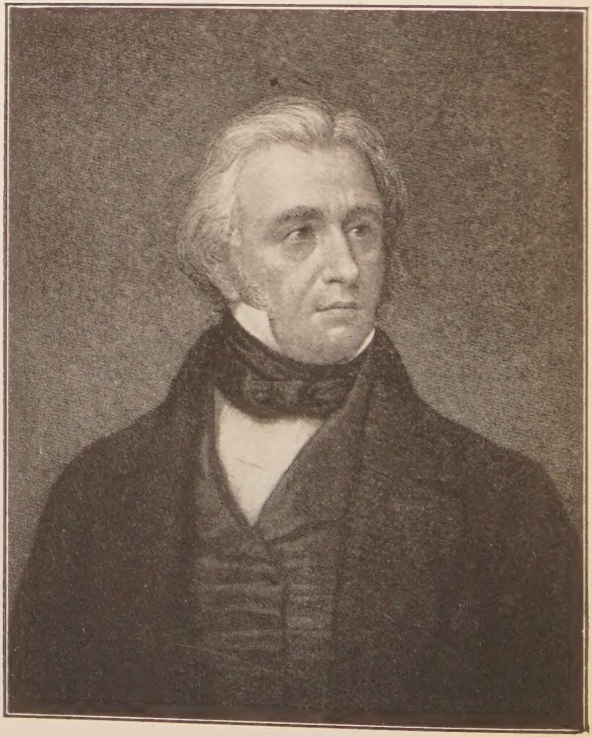

T. B. Macaulay

Merrill's English Texts

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

HORATIUS
THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS
VIRGINIA
THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
BY CORNELIA BEARE, INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH,
WADLEIGH HIGH SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY

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INTRODUCTION

LORD MACAULAY

Thomas Babington Macaulay, the great historian of England, was born at Rothley, near Leicester, in 1800, and was named Thomas Babington after his uncle. Macaulay's grandfather was a Scotch minister, and his father, Zachary, after having spent some time in Jamaica, returned to England, and joined Wilberforce and Clarkson in their efforts to abolish slavery in the British possessions. Macaulay was educated at Bristol and at Cambridge, where he gained great distinction, and twice won medals for his poems. He was also a member of the Union Debating Society, a famous club where young politicians tried their skill in the discussion of the affairs of State. He took his degree of M.A. in 1825, was called to the bar in 1826, and contributed extensively to Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*, in which his first literary efforts appeared, including among others the ballads of *The Spanish Armada* and *The Battle of Ivry*. In 1825 he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* his celebrated article on Milton, and this was succeeded by numerous others on various themes, historical, political, and literary, which were afterward collected and published separately.

Macaulay was a member of Parliament first for Colne, then for Leeds, and took part in the great discussions connected with the Reform Bill of 1832. In return for his services to his party, he was sent to India in 1834 as a member of the Council, and while there wrote his famous essays on *Lord Clive* and *Warren Hastings*. In 1839

Macaulay returned to England, was elected member for Edinburgh, and, during the eight years of his connection with that city, held successively the offices of Secretary at War and Paymaster-General of the Forces. In 1842 he gave to the world his spirited *Lays of Ancient Rome*. In 1847 he displeased his Edinburgh supporters, and in a pet they rejected him; but in 1852 they re-elected him of their own accord, and in this way endeavored to atone for the past. He devoted the interval between these two dates to his *History of England*, the first two volumes of which were published in 1848, two others making their appearance in 1855. They form a magnificent fragment of historical writing, embracing a period of little more than twelve years, from the accession of James II. to the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697. A fifth volume, compiled from the papers which he left behind, and bringing the work down to the death of William III., was published posthumously in 1859. He retired from Parliament in 1856, owing to failing health, and in the following year he was created a baron in consideration of his great literary merit. In 1859 he died suddenly of disease of the heart, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Lord Macaulay excelled as a poet and essayist, but he is chiefly illustrious as a historian. In the opening chapter of his *History of England* the author announces his intention to write a history from the accession of James II. down to a time within the memory of men still living. Its success was very great. History was no longer dry and uninviting, for Macaulay had become a painter as well as a chronicler. The events of the past are depicted in such fresh and striking coloring that they have all the interest of absolute novelty. We have lifelike portraits of the great men of the age, landscapes and street scenes, spirit-stirring descriptions of insurrections and trials and sieges, and graphic pictures of manners and customs. Macaulay had a very wonderful memory, of which he was

proud, and he was able to collect and retain stores of information from all manner of old books, papers, and parchments, and to make use of them in the production of his history. He is not always impartial, but sufficiently so to be considered the best authority on that portion of history with which he deals.

Macaulay's personal appearance was never better described than in two sentences of Praed's Introduction to Knight's *Quarterly Magazine:* "There comes up a short manly figure, marvelously upright, with a bad neckcloth, and one hand in his waistcoat pocket. Of regular beauty he had little to boast; but in faces where there is an expression of great power, or great good humor, or both, you do not regret its absence." This picture, in which every touch is correct, tells us all that there is to be told. He had a massive head, and features of a powerful and rugged cast; but so constantly lighted up by every joyful and ennobling emotion, that it mattered little if, when absolutely quiescent, his face was rather homely than handsome. While conversing at table, no one thought him otherwise than good-looking; but when he rose he was seen to be short and stout in figure. He at all times sat and stood straight, full, and square. He dressed badly, but not cheaply. His clothes, though ill put on, were good, and his wardrobe was always enormously overstocked. Macaulay was bored in the best of society, but took unceasing delight in children. He was the best of playfellows, unrivaled in the invention of games, and never weary of repeating them.

PREFACE

WRITTEN BY LORD MACAULAY

That what is called the history of the Kings and early Consuls of Rome is to a great extent fabulous, few scholars have, since the time of Beaufort, ventured to deny. It is certain that, more than three hundred and sixty years after the date ordinarily assigned for the foundation of the city, the public records were, with scarcely an exception, destroyed by the Gauls. It is certain that the oldest annals of the commonwealth were compiled more than a century and a half after this destruction of the records. It is certain, therefore, that the great Latin writers of the Augustan age did not possess those materials, without which a trustworthy account of the infancy of the republic could not possibly be framed. Those writers own, indeed, that the chronicles to which they had access were filled with battles that were never fought, and Consuls that were never inaugurated; and we have abundant proof that, in these chronicles, events of the greatest importance, such as the issue of the war with Porsena, and the issue of the war with Brennus, were grossly misrepresented. Under these circumstances a wise man will look with great suspicion on the legend which has come down to us. He will perhaps be inclined to regard the princes who are said to have founded the civil and religious institutions of Rome, the son of Mars, and the husband of Egeria, as mere mythological personages, of the same class with Perseus and Ixion. As he draws nearer and nearer to

the confines of authentic history, he will become less and less hard of belief. He will admit that the most important parts of the narrative have some foundation in truth. But he will distrust almost all the details, not only because they seldom rest on any solid evidence, but also because he will constantly detect in them, even when they are within the limits of physical possibility, that peculiar character more easily understood than defined, which distinguishes the creations of the imagination from the realities of the world in which we live.

The early history of Rome is indeed far more poetical than anything else in Latin literature. The loves of the Vestal and the God of War, the cradle laid among the reeds of Tiber, the fig-tree, the she-wolf, the shepherd's cabin, the recognition, the fratricide, the rape of the Sabines, the death of Tarpeia, the fall of Hostus Hostilius, the struggle of Mettus Curtius through the marsh, the women rushing with torn raiment and disheveled hair between their fathers and their husbands, the nightly meetings of Numa and the Nymph by the well in the sacred grove, the fight of the three Romans and the three Albans, the purchase of the Sibyline books, the crime of Tullia, the simulated madness of Brutus, the ambiguous reply of the Delphian oracle to the Tarquins, the wrongs of Lucretia, the heroic actions of Horatius Cocles, of Scævola, and of Clœlia, the battle of Regillus won by the aid of Castor and Pollux, the defense of Cremera, the touching story of Coriolanus, the still more touching story of Virginia, the wild legend about the draining of the Alban lake, the combat between Valerius Corvus and the gigantic Gaul, are among the many instances which will at once suggest themselves to every reader.

In the narrative of Livy, who was a man of fine imagination, these stories retain much of their genuine character. Nor could even the tasteless Dionysius distort and mutilate them into mere prose. The poetry shines, in

spite of him, through the dreary pedantry of his eleven books. It is discernible in the most tedious and in the most superficial modern works on the early times of Rome. It enlivens the dullness of the Universal History, and gives a charm to the most meager abridgments of Goldsmith.

Even in the age of Plutarch there were discerning men who rejected the popular account of the foundation of Rome, because that account appeared to them to have the air, not of a history, but of a romance or a drama. Plutarch, who was displeased at their incredulity, had nothing better to say in reply to their arguments than that chance sometimes turns poet, and produces trains of events not to be distinguished from the most elaborate plots which are constructed by art. But though the existence of a poetical element in the early history of the Great City was detected so many years ago, the first critic who distinctly saw from what source that poetical element had been derived was James Perizonius, one of the most acute and learned antiquaries of the seventeenth century. His theory, which, in his own days, attracted little or no notice, was revived in the present generation by Niebuhr, a man who would have been the first writer of his time, if his talent for communicating truths had borne any proportion to his talent for investigating them. That theory has been adopted by several eminent scholars of our own country, particularly by the Bishop of St. David's, by Professor Malden, and by the lamented Arnold. It appears to be now generally received by men conversant with classical antiquity; and indeed it rests on such strong proofs, both internal and external, that it will not be easily subverted. A popular exposition of this theory, and of the evidence by which it is supported, may not be without interest even for readers who are unacquainted with the ancient languages.

The Latin literature which has come down to us is

of later date than the commencement of the Second Punic War, and consists almost exclusively of works fashioned on Greek models. The Latin meters, heroic, elegiac, lyric, and dramatic, are of Greek origin. The best Latin epic poetry is the feeble echo of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The best Latin eclogues are imitations of Theocritus. The plan of the most finished didactic poem in the Latin tongue was taken from Hesiod. The Latin tragedies are bad copies of the masterpieces of Sophocles and Euripides. The Latin comedies are free translations from Demophilus, Menander, and Appollodorus. The Latin philosophy was borrowed, without alteration, from the Portico and the Academy; and the great Latin orators constantly proposed to themselves as patterns the speeches of Demosthenes and Lysias.

But there was an earlier Latin literature, a literature truly Latin, which has wholly perished, which had, indeed, almost wholly perished long before those whom we are in the habit of regarding as the greatest Latin writers were born. That literature abounded with metrical romances, such as are found in every country where there is much curiosity and intelligence, but little reading and writing. All human beings, not utterly savage, long for some information about past times, and are delighted by narratives which present pictures to the eye of the mind. But it is only in very enlightened communities that books are readily accessible. Metrical composition, therefore, which, in a highly civilized nation, is a mere luxury, is, in nations imperfectly civilized, almost a necessary of life, and is valued less on account of the pleasure which it gives to the ear than on account of the help which it gives to the memory. A man who can invent or embellish an interesting story, and put it into a form which others may easily retain in their recollection, will always be highly esteemed by a people eager for amusement and information, but destitute of libraries.

Such is the origin of ballad-poetry, a species of composition which scarcely ever fails to spring up and flourish in every society, at a certain point in the progress towards refinement. Tacitus informs us that songs were the only memorials of the past which the ancient Germans possessed. We learn from Lucan and from Ammianus Marcellinus that the brave actions of the ancient Gauls were commemorated in the verses of Bards. During many ages, and through many revolutions, minstrelsy retained its influence over both the Teutonic and the Celtic races. The vengeance exacted by the spouse of Attila for the murder of Siegfried was celebrated in rhymes, of which Germany is still justly proud. The exploits of Athelstane were commemorated by the Anglo-Saxons, and those of Canute by the Danes, in rude poems, of which a few fragments have come down to us. The chants of the Welsh harpers preserved, through ages of darkness, a faint and doubtful memory of Arthur. In the Highlands of Scotland may still be gleaned some relics of the old songs about Cuthullin and Fingal. The long struggle of the Servians against the Ottoman power was recorded in lays full of martial spirit. We learn from Herrera that, when a Peruvian Inca died, men of skill were appointed to celebrate him in verses, which all the people learned by heart, and sang in public on days of festival. The feats of Kurroglou, the great freebooter of Turkistan, recounted in ballads composed by himself, are known in every village of Northern Persia. Captain Beechey heard the Bards of the Sandwich Islands recite the heroic achievements of Tamehameha, the most illustrious of their kings. Mungo Park found in the heart of Africa a class of singing-men, the only annalists of their rude tribes, and heard them tell the story of the victory which Damel, the negro prince of the Jaloffs, won over Abdulkader, the Mussulman tyrant of Foota Torra. This species of poetry attained a high degree of

excellence among the Castilians, before they began to copy Tuscan patterns. It attained a still higher degree of excellence among the English and the Lowland Scotch, during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. But it reached its full perfection in ancient Greece; for there can be no doubt that the great Homeric poems are generically ballads, though widely distinguished from all other ballads, and indeed from almost all other human compositions, by transcendent sublimity and beauty.

As it is agreeable to general experience that, at a certain stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should flourish, so it is also agreeable to general experience that, at a subsequent stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should be undervalued and neglected. Knowledge advances: manners change: great foreign models of composition are studied and imitated. The phraseology of the old minstrels becomes obsolete. Their versification, which, having received its laws only from the ear, abounds in irregularities, seems licentious and uncouth. Their simplicity appears beggarly when compared with the quaint forms and gaudy coloring of such artists as Cowley and Gongora. The ancient lays, unjustly despised by the learned and polite, linger for a time in the memory of the vulgar, and are at length too often irretrievably lost. We cannot wonder that the ballads of Rome should have altogether disappeared, when we remember how very narrowly, in spite of the invention of printing, those of our own country and those of Spain escaped the same fate. There is indeed little doubt that oblivion covers many English songs equal to any that were published by Bishop Percy, and many Spanish songs as good as the best of those which have been so happily translated by Mr. Lockhart. Eighty years ago England possessed only one tattered copy of *Childe Waters* and *Sir Cauline*, and Spain only one tattered copy of the noble poem of the *Cid*. The snuff of a

candle, or a mischievous dog, might in a moment have deprived the world forever of any of those fine compositions. Sir Walter Scott, who united to the fire of a great poet the minute curiosity and patient diligence of a great antiquary, was but just in time to save the precious relics of the Minstrelsy of the Border. In Germany, the lay of the Nibelungs had been long utterly forgotten, when, in the eighteenth century, it was, for the first time, printed from a manuscript in the old library of a noble family. In truth, the only people who, through their whole passage from simplicity to the highest civilization, never for a moment ceased to love and admire their old ballads were the Greeks.

That the early Romans should have had ballad-poetry, and that this poetry should have perished, is therefore not strange. It would, on the contrary, have been strange if these things had not come to pass; and we should be justified in pronouncing them highly probable, even if we had no direct evidence on the subject. But we have direct evidence of unquestionable authority.

Ennius, who flourished in the time of the Second Punic War, was regarded in the Augustan age as the father of Latin poetry. He was, in truth, the father of the second school of Latin poetry, the only school of which the works have descended to us. But from Ennius himself we learn that there were poets who stood to him in the same relation in which the author of the romance of *Count Alarcos* stood to Garcilaso, or the author of the *Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*, to Lord Surrey. Ennius speaks of verses which the Fauns and the Bards were wont to chant in the old time, when none had yet studied the graces of speech, when none had yet climbed the peaks sacred to the Goddesses of Grecian song. "Where," Cicero mournfully asks, "are those old verses now?"

Contemporary with Ennius was Quintus Fabius Pictor, the earliest of the Roman annalists. His account of the

infancy and youth of Romulus and Remus has been preserved by Dionysius, and contains a very remarkable reference to the ancient Latin poetry. Fabius says that, in his time, his countrymen were still in the habit of singing ballads about the Twins. "Even in the hut of Faustulus," — so these old lays appear to have run, — "the children of Rhea and Mars were, in port and in spirit, not like unto swineherds or cowherds, but such that men might well guess them to be of the blood of Kings and Gods.

Cato the Censor, who also lived in the days of the Second Punic War, mentioned this lost literature in his lost work on the antiquities of his country. Many ages, he said, before his time, there were ballads in praise of illustrious men; and these ballads it was the fashion for the guests at banquets to sing in turn while the piper played. "Would," exclaims Cicero, "that we still had the old ballads of which Cato speaks!"

Valerius Maximus gives us exactly similar information, without mentioning his authority, and observes that the ancient Roman ballads were probably of more benefit to the young than all the lectures of the Athenian schools, and that to the influence of the national poetry were to be ascribed the virtues of such men as Camillus and Fabricius.

Varro, whose authority on all questions connected with the antiquities of his country is entitled to the greatest respect, tells us that at banquets it was once the fashion for boys to sing, sometimes with and sometimes without instrumental music, ancient ballads in praise of men of former times. These young performers, he observes, were of unblemished character, a circumstance which he probably mentioned because, among the Greeks, and indeed in his time among the Romans also, the morals of singing-boys were in no high repute.

The testimony of Horace, though given incidentally,

confirms the statements of Cato, Valerius Maximus, and Varro. The poet predicts that, under the peaceful administration of Augustus, the Romans will, over their full goblets, sing to the pipe, after the fashion of their fathers, the deeds of brave captains, and the ancient legends touching the origin of the city.

The proposition, then, that Rome had ballad-poetry is not merely in itself highly probable, but is fully proved by direct evidence of the greatest weight.

This proposition being established, it becomes easy to understand why the early history of the city is unlike almost everything else in Latin literature, native where almost everything else is borrowed, imaginative where almost everything else is prosaic. We can scarcely hesitate to pronounce that the magnificent, pathetic, and truly national legends, which present so striking a contrast to all that surrounds them, are broken and defaced fragments of that early poetry which, even in the age of Cato the Censor, had become antiquated, and of which Tully had never heard a line.

That this poetry should have been suffered to perish will not appear strange when we consider how complete was the triumph of the Greek genius over the public mind of Italy. It is probable that, at an early period, Homer and Herodotus furnished some hints to the Latin minstrels; but it was not till after the war with Pyrrhus that the poetry of Rome began to put off its old Ausonian character. The transformation was soon consummated. The conquered, says Horace, led captive the conquerors. It was precisely at the time at which the Roman people rose to unrivaled political ascendency that they stooped to pass under the intellectual yoke. It was precisely at the time at which the scepter departed from Greece that the empire of her language and of her arts became universal and despotic. The revolution indeed was not effected without a struggle. Nævius seems to have been

the last of the ancient line of poets. Ennius was the founder of a new dynasty. Nævius celebrated the First Punic War in Saturnian verse, the old national verse of Italy. Ennius sang the Second Punic War in numbers borrowed from the *Iliad*. The elder poet, in the epitaph which he wrote for himself, and which is a fine specimen of the early Roman diction and versification, plaintively boasted that the Latin language had died with him. Thus what to Horace appeared to be the first faint dawn of Roman literature appeared to Nævius to be its hopeless setting. In truth, one literature was setting, and another dawning.

The victory of the foreign taste was decisive: and indeed we can hardly blame the Romans for turning away with contempt from the rude lays which had delighted their fathers, and giving their whole admiration to the immortal productions of Greece. The national romances, neglected by the great and the refined whose education had been finished at Rhodes or Athens, continued, it may be supposed, during some generations, to delight the vulgar. While Virgil, in hexameters of exquisite modulation, described the sports of rustics, those rustics were still singing their wild Saturnian ballads. It is not improbable that, at the time when Cicero lamented the irreparable loss of the poems mentioned by Cato, a search among the nooks of the Apennines, as active as the search which Sir Walter Scott made among the descendants of the mosstroopers of Liddesdale, might have brought to light many fine remains of ancient minstrelsy. No such search was made. The Latin ballads perished forever. Yet discerning critics have thought that they could still perceive in the early history of Rome numerous fragments of this lost poetry, as the traveler on classic ground sometimes finds, built into the heavy wall of a fort or convent a pillar rich with acanthus-leaves, or a frieze where the Amazons and Bacchanals seem to live. The theaters

and temples of the Greek and the Roman were degraded into the quarries of the Turk and the Goth. Even so did the ancient Saturnian poetry become the quarry in which a crowd of orators and annalists found the materials for their prose.

It is not difficult to trace the process by which the old songs were transmuted into the form which they now wear. Funeral panegyric and chronicle appear to have been the intermediate links which connected the lost ballads with the histories now extant. From a very early period it was the usage that an oration should be pronounced over the remains of a noble Roman. The orator, as we learn from Polybius, was expected, on such an occasion, to recapitulate all the services which the ancestors of the deceased had, from the earliest time, rendered to the commonwealth. There can be little doubt that the speaker on whom this duty was imposed would make use of all the stories suited to his purpose which were to be found in the popular lays. There can be as little doubt that the family of an eminent man would preserve a copy of the speech which had been pronounced over his corpse. The compilers of the early chronicles would have recourse to these speeches; and the great historians of a later period would have recourse to the chronicles.

It may be worth while to select a particular story, and to trace its probable progress through these stages. The description of the migration of the Fabian house to Cremera is one of the finest of the many fine passages which lie thick in the earlier books of Livy. The Consul, clad in his military garb, stands in the vestibule of his house, marshaling his clan, three hundred and six fighting men, all of the same proud patrician blood, all worthy to be attended by the fasces, and to command the legions. A sad and anxious retinue of friends accompanies the adventurers through the streets; but the voice of lamenta-

tion is drowned by the shouts of admiring thousands. As the procession passes the Capitol, prayers and vows are poured forth, but in vain. The devoted band, leaving Janus on the right, marches to its doom through the Gate of Evil Luck. After achieving high deeds of valor against overwhelming numbers, all perish save one child, the stock from which the great Fabian race was destined again to spring for the safety and glory of the commonwealth. That this fine romance, the details of which are so dull of poetical truth, and so utterly destitute of all show of historical truth, came originally from some lay which had often been sung with great applause at banquets, is in the highest degree probable. Nor is it difficult to imagine a mode in which the transmission might have taken place.

The celebrated Quintus Fabius Maximus, who died about twenty years before the First Punic War, and more than forty years before Ennius was born, is said to have been interred with extraordinary pomp. In the eulogy pronounced over his body all the great exploits of his ancestors were doubtless recounted and exaggerated. If there were then extant songs which gave a vivid and touching description of an event, the saddest and the most glorious in the long history of the Fabian house, nothing could be more natural than that the panegyrist should borrow from such songs their finest touches, in order to adorn his speech. A few generations later the songs would perhaps be forgotten, or remembered only by shepherds and vine-dressers. But the speech would certainly be preserved in the archives of the Fabian nobles. Fabius Pictor would be well acquainted with a document so interesting to his personal feelings, and would insert large extracts from it in his rude chronicle. That chronicle, as we know, was the oldest to which Livy had access. Livy would at a glance distinguish the bold strokes of the forgotten poet from the dull and feeble

narrative by which they were surrounded, would retouch them with a delicate and powerful pencil, and would make them immortal.

That this might happen at Rome can scarcely be doubted; for something very like this has happened in several countries, and, among others, in our own. Perhaps the theory of Perizonius cannot be better illustrated than by showing that what he supposes to have taken place in ancient times has, beyond all doubt, taken place in modern times.

"History," says Hume, with the utmost gravity, "has preserved some instances of Edgar's amours, from which, as from a specimen, we may form a conjecture of the rest." He then tells very agreeably the stories of Elfleda and Elfrida, two stories which have a most suspicious air of romance, and which, indeed, greatly resemble, in their general character, some of the legends of early Rome. He cites, as his authority for these two tales, the chronicle of William of Malmesbury, who lived in the time of King Stephen. The great majority of readers suppose that the device by which Elfrida was substituted for her young mistress, the artifice by which Athelwold obtained the hand of Elfrida, the detection of that artifice, the hunting party, and the vengeance of the amorous king, are things about which there is no more doubt than about the execution of Anne Boleyn, or the slitting of Sir John Coventry's nose. But when we turn to William of Malmesbury, we find that Hume, in his eagerness to relate these pleasant fables, has overlooked one very important circumstance. William does indeed tell both the stories; but he gives us distinct notice that he does not warrant their truth, and that they rest on no better authority than that of ballads.

Such is the way in which these two well-known tales have been handed down. They originally appeared in a poetical form. They found their way from ballads into

an old chronicle. The ballads perished; the chronicle remained. A great historian, some centuries after the ballads had been altogether forgotten, consulted the chronicle. He was struck by the lively coloring of these ancient fictions: he transferred them to his pages; and thus we find inserted, as unquestionable facts, in a narrative which is likely to last as long as the English tongue, the inventions of some minstrel whose works were probably never committed to writing, whose name is buried in oblivion, and whose dialect has become obsolete. It must, then, be admitted to be possible, or rather highly probable, that the stories of Romulus and Remus, and of the Horatii and Curiatii, may have had a similar origin.

Castilian literature will furnish us with another parallel case. Mariana, the classical historian of Spain, tells the story of the ill-starred marriage which the King Don Alonso brought about between the heirs of Carrion and the two daughters of the Cid. The Cid bestowed a princely dower on his sons-in-law. But the young men were base and proud, cowardly and cruel. They were tried in danger, and found wanting. They fled before the Moors, and once, when a lion broke out of his den, they ran and crouched in an unseemly hiding-place. They knew that they were despised, and took counsel how they might be avenged. They parted from their father-in-law with many signs of love, and set forth on a journey with Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. In a solitary place the bridegrooms seized their brides, stripped them, scourged them, and departed, leaving them for dead. But one of the house of Bivar, suspecting foul play, had followed the travelers in disguise. The ladies were brought back safe to the house of their father. Complaint was made to the king. It was adjudged by the Cortes that the dower given by the Cid should be returned, and that the heirs of Carrion together with one of their kindred should

do battle against three knights of the party of the Cid. The guilty youths would have declined the combat; but all their shifts were vain. They were vanquished in the lists, and forever disgraced, while their injured wives were sought in marriage by great princes.

Some Spanish writers have labored to show, by an examination of cases and circumstances, that this story is untrue. Such confutation was surely not needed; for the narrative is on the face of it a romance. How it found its way into Mariana's history is quite clear. He acknowledges his obligations to the ancient chronicles; and had doubtless before him the "Cronica del famoso Cavallero Cid Ruy Diez Campeador," which had been printed as early as the year 1552. He little suspected that all the most striking passages in this chronicle were copied from a poem of the twelfth century, a poem of which the language and versification had long been obsolete, but which glowed with no common portion of the fire of the *Iliad*. Yet such was the fact. More than a century and a half after the death of Mariana, this venerable ballad, of which one imperfect copy on parchment, four hundred years old, had been preserved at Bivar, was for the first time printed. Then it was found that every interesting circumstance of the story of the heirs of Carrion was derived by the eloquent Jesuit from a song of which he had never heard, and which was composed by a minstrel whose very name had long been forgotten.

Such, or nearly such, appears to have been the process by which the lost ballad-poetry of Rome was transformed into history. To reverse that process, to transform some portions of early Roman history back into the poetry out of which they were made, is the object of this work.

In the following poems the author speaks, not in his own person, but in the persons of ancient minstrels who know only what a Roman citizen, born three or four

hundred years before the Christian era, may be supposed to have known, and who are in nowise above the passions and prejudices of their age and nation. To these imaginary poets must be ascribed some blunders which are so obvious that it is unnecessary to point them out. The real blunder would have been to represent these old poets as deeply versed in general history, and studious of chronological accuracy. To them must also be attributed the illiberal sneers at the Greeks, the furious party-spirit, the contempt for the arts of peace, the love of war for its own sake, the ungenerous exultation over the vanquished, which the reader will sometimes observe. To portray a Roman of the age of Camillus or Curius as superior to national antipathies, as mourning over the devastation and slaughter by which empire and triumphs were to be won, as looking on human suffering with the sympathy of Howard, or as treating conquered enemies with the delicacy of the Black Prince, would be to violate all dramatic propriety. The old Romans had some great virtues, — fortitude, temperance, veracity, spirit to resist oppression, respect for legitimate authority, fidelity in the observing of contracts, disinterestedness, ardent patriotism, — but Christian charity and chivalrous generosity were alike unknown to them.

It would have been obviously improper to mimic the manner of any particular age or country. Something has been borrowed, however, from our own old ballads, and more from Sir Walter Scott, the great restorer of our ballad-poetry. To the *Iliad* still greater obligations are due; and those obligations have been contracted with the less hesitation, because there is reason to believe that some of the old Latin minstrels really had recourse to that inexhaustible store of poetical images.

It would have been easy to swell this little volume to a very considerable bulk, by appending notes filled with quotations; but to a learned reader such notes are not

necessary; for an unlearned reader they would have little interest; and the judgment passed both by the learned and the unlearned on a work of the imagination will always depend much more on the general character and spirit of such a work than on minute details.

INTRODUCTION TO HORATIUS

WRITTEN BY LORD MACAULAY

THERE can be little doubt that among those parts of early Roman history which had a poetical origin was the legend of Horatius Cocles.[1] We have several versions of the story, and these versions differ from each other in points of no small importance. Polybius,[2] there is reason to believe, heard the tale recited over the remains of some Consul or Prætor [3] descended from the old Horatian patricians;[4] for he introduces it as a specimen of the narratives with which the Romans were in the habit of embellishing their funeral oratory. It is remarkable that, according to him, Horatius defended the bridge alone, and perished in the waters. According to the chronicles which Livy [5] and Dionysius [6] followed, Horatius had two companions, swam safe to shore, and was loaded with honors and rewards.

These discrepancies are easily explained. Our own literature, indeed, will furnish an exact parallel to what may have taken place at Rome. It is highly probable that the memory of the war of Porsena was preserved by compositions much resembling the two ballads which stand first in the *Relics of Ancient English Poetry*. In both those ballads the English, commanded by the Percy,[7] fight with the Scots, commanded by the Douglas. In one of the ballads the Douglas is killed by a nameless English archer, and the Percy by a Scottish spearman: in the other, the Percy slays the Douglas in single combat, and is himself made prisoner. In the former, Sir Hugh Montgomery is shot through the heart by a North-

umbrian bowman: in the latter he is taken, and exchanged for the Percy. Yet both the ballads relate to the same event, and that an event which probably took place within the memory of persons who were alive when both the ballads were made. One of the minstrels says:

"Old men that knowen the grounde well yenoughe
Call it the battell of Otterburn:
At Otterburn began this spurne
Upon a monnyn day.
Ther was the dougghte Doglas slean:
The Perse never went away."

The other poet sums up the event in the following lines:

"Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne
Bytwene the nyghte and the day:
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
And the Percy was lede away."

It is by no means unlikely that there were two old Roman lays about the defense of the bridge; and that, while the story which Livy has transmitted to us was preferred by the multitude, the other, which ascribed the whole glory to Horatius alone, may have been the favorite with the Horatian house.

The following ballad is supposed to have been made about a hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. The author seems to have been an honest citizen, proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining after good old times which had never really existed. The allusion, however, to the partial manner in which the public lands were allotted could proceed only from a plebeian;[1] and the allusion to the fraudulent sale of spoils marks the

date of the poem, and shows that the poet shared in the general discontent with which the proceedings of Camillus, after the taking of Veii, were regarded.

The penultimate syllable of the name Porsena has been shortened in spite of the authority of Niebuhr,[1] who pronounces, without assigning any ground for his opinion, that Martial [2] was guilty of a decided blunder in the line,

"Hanc spectare manum Porsena non potuit."

It is not easy to understand how any modern scholar, whatever his attainments may be, — and those of Niebuhr were undoubtedly immense, — can venture to pronounce that Martial did not know the quantity of a word which he must have uttered and heard uttered a hundred times before he left school. Niebuhr seems also to have forgotten that Martial has fellow-culprits to keep him in countenance. Horace has committed the same decided blunder; for he gives us, as a pure iambic line,

"Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus."

Silius Italicus [3] has repeatedly offended in the same way, as when he says,

"Cernitur effugiens ardentem Porsena dextram:"

and again

"Clusinum vulgus, cum, Porsena magne, jubebas."

A modern writer may be content to err in such company.

Niebuhr's supposition that each of the three defenders of the bridge was the representative of one of the three patrician tribes is both ingenious and probable, and has been adopted in the following poem.

INTRODUCTION TO THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS

WRITTEN BY LORD MACAULAY

The following poem is supposed to have been produced about ninety years after the lay of Horatius. Some persons mentioned in the lay of Horatius make their appearance again, and some appellations and epithets used in the lay of Horatius have been purposely repeated: for, in an age of ballad-poetry, it scarcely ever fails to happen, that certain phrases come to be appropriated to certain men and things, and are regularly applied to those men and things by every minstrel.

The principal distinction between the lay of Horatius and the lay of the Lake Regillus is that the former is meant to be purely Roman, while the latter, though national in its general spirit, has a slight tincture of Greek learning and of Greek superstition. The story of the Tarquins, as it has come down to us, appears to have been compiled from the works of several popular poets: and one, at least, of those poets appears to have visited the Greek colonies in Italy, if not Greece itself, and to have had some acquaintance with the works of Homer and Herodotus. Many of the most striking adventures of the house of Tarquin, before Lucretia makes her appearance, have a Greek character. The Tarquins themselves are represented as Corinthian nobles of the great house of the Bacchiadæ, driven from their country by the tyranny of that Cypselus, the tale of whose strange escape Herodotus has related with incomparable simplicity and liveliness. Livy and Dionysius

tell us that, when Tarquin the Proud was asked what was the best mode of governing a conquered city, he replied only by beating down with his staff all the tallest poppies in his garden. This is exactly what Herodotus, in the passage to which reference has already been made, relates of the counsel given to Periander, the son of Cypselus. The stratagem by which the town of Gabii is brought under the power of the Tarquins is, again, obviously copied from Herodotus. The embassy of the young Tarquins to the oracle at Delphi is just such a story as would be told by a poet whose head was full of the Greek mythology; and the ambiguous answer returned by Apollo is in the exact style of the prophecies which, according to Herodotus, lured Crœsus to destruction. Then the character of the narrative changes. From the first mention of Lucretia to the retreat of Porsena nothing seems to be borrowed from foreign sources. The villainy of Sextus, the suicide of his victim, the revolution, the death of the sons of Brutus, the defense of the bridge, Mucius burning his hand, Clœlia swimming through Tiber, seem to be all strictly Roman. But when we have done with the Tuscan war, and enter upon the war with the Latines, we are again struck by the Greek air of the story. The Battle of the Lake Regillus is in all respects a Homeric battle, except that the combatants ride astride on their horses, instead of driving chariots. The mass of fighting men is hardly mentioned. The leaders single each other out, and engage hand to hand. The great object of the warriors on both sides is, as in the *Iliad*, to obtain possession of the spoils and bodies of the slain; and several circumstances are related which forcibly remind us of the great slaughter round the corpses of Sarpedon and Patroclus.

But there is one circumstance which deserves especial notice. Both the war of Troy and the war of Regillus were caused by the licentious passions of young princes,

who were therefore peculiarly bound not to be sparing of their own persons in the day of battle. Now the conduct of Sextus at Regillus, as described by Livy, so exactly resembles that of Paris, as described at the beginning of the third book of the *Iliad*, that it is difficult to believe the resemblance accidental. Paris appears before the Trojan ranks, defying the bravest Greek to encounter him. Livy introduces Sextus in a similar manner. Menelaus rushes to meet Paris. A Roman noble, eager for vengeance, spurs his horse towards Sextus. Both the guilty princes are instantly terror-stricken.

If this be a fortuitous coincidence, it is one of the most extraordinary in literature.

In the following poem, therefore, images and incidents have been borrowed, not merely without scruple, but on principle, from the incomparable battle-pieces of Homer.

The popular belief at Rome, from an early period, seems to have been that the event of the great day of Regillus was decided by supernatural agency. Castor and Pollux, it was said, had fought, armed and mounted, at the head of the legions of the commonwealth, and had afterwards carried the news of the victory with incredible speed to the city. The well in the Forum at which they had alighted was pointed out. Near the well rose their ancient temple. A great festival was kept to their honor on the Ides of Quintilis, supposed to be the anniversary of the battle; and on that day sumptuous sacrifices were offered to them at the public charge. One spot on the margin of Lake Regillus was regarded during many ages with superstitious awe. A mark, resembling in shape a horse's hoof, was discernible in the volcanic rock; and this mark was believed to have been made by one of the celestial chargers.

How the legend originated cannot now be ascertained, but we may easily imagine several ways in which it might have originated; nor is it at all necessary to suppose, with

Julius Frontinus, that two young men were dressed up by the Dictator to personate the sons of Leda. It is probable that Livy is correct when he says that the Roman general, in the hour of peril, vowed a temple to Castor. If so, nothing could be more natural than that the multitude should ascribe the victory to the favor of the Twin Gods. When such was the prevailing sentiment, any man who chose to declare that, in the midst of the confusion and slaughter, he had seen two godlike forms on white horses scattering the Latines, would find ready credence. We know, indeed, that, in modern times, a very similar story actually found credence, among a people much more civilized than the Romans of the fifth century before Christ. A chaplain of Cortes, writing about thirty years after the conquest of Mexico, in an age of printing-presses, libraries, universities, scholars, logicians, jurists, and statesmen, had the face to assert that, in one engagement against the Indians, Saint James had appeared on a gray horse at the head of the Castilian adventurers. Many of those adventurers were living when this lie was printed. One of them, honest Bernal Diaz, wrote an account of the expedition He had the evidence of his own senses against the legend but he seems to have distrusted even the evidence of his own senses. He says that he was in the battle, and that he saw a gray horse with a man on his back, but that the man was, to his thinking, Francesco de Morla, and not the ever-blessed apostle Saint James. "Nevertheless," Bernal adds, "it may be that the person on the gray horse was the glorious apostle Saint James, and that I, sinner that I am, was unworthy to see him." The Romans of the age of Cincinnatus were probably quite as credulous as the Spanish subjects of Charles the Fifth. It is therefore conceivable that the appearance of Castor and Pollux may have become an article of faith before the generation which had fought at Regillus had passed

away. Nor could anything be more natural than that the poets of the next age should embellish this story, and make the celestial horsemen bear the tidings of victory to Rome.

Many years after the temple of the Twin Gods had been built in the Forum, an important addition was made to the ceremonial by which the state annually testified its gratitude for their protection. Quintus Fabius and Publius Decius were elected Censors at a momentous crisis. It had become absolutely necessary that the classification of the citizens should be revised. On that classification depended the distribution of political power. Party-spirit ran high: and the republic seemed to be in danger of falling under the dominion either of a narrow oligarchy or of an ignorant and headstrong rabble. Under such circumstances, the most illustrious patrician and the most illustrious plebeian of the age were intrusted with the office of arbitrating between the angry factions; and they performed their arduous task to the satisfaction of all honest and reasonable men.

One of their reforms was a remodeling of the equestrian order; and, having effected this reform, they determined to give to their work a sanction derived from religion. In the chivalrous societies of modern times, societies which have much more than may at first sight appear in common with the equestrian order of Rome, it has been usual to invoke the special protection of some saint, and to observe his day with peculiar solemnity. Thus the Companions of the Garter wear the image of Saint George depending from their collars, and meet, on great occasions, in Saint George's Chapel. Thus, when Lewis the Fourteenth instituted a new order of chivalry for the rewarding of military merit, he commended it to the favor of his own glorified ancestor and patron, and decreed that all the members of the fraternity should meet at the royal palace on the feast of Saint Lewis, should attend

the king to chapel, should hear mass, and should subsequently hold their great annual assembly. There is a considerable resemblance between this rule of the order of Saint Lewis and the rule which Fabius and Decius made respecting the Roman knights. It was ordained that a grand muster and inspection of the equestrian body should be part of the ceremonial performed, on the anniversary of the battle of Regillus, in honor of Castor and Pollux, the two equestrian gods. All the knights, clad in purple and crowned with olive, were to meet at a temple of Mars in the suburbs. Thence they were to ride in state to the Forum, where the temple of the Twins stood. This pageant was, during several centuries, considered as one of the most splendid sights of Rome. In the time of Dionysius the cavalcade sometimes consisted of five thousand horsemen, all persons of fair repute and easy fortune.

There can be no doubt that the Censors who instituted this august ceremony acted in concert with the Pontiffs to whom, by the constitution of Rome, the superintendence of the public worship belonged; and it is probable that those high religious functionaries were, as usual, fortunate enough to find in their books or traditions some warrant for the innovation.

The following poem is supposed to have been made for this great occasion. Songs, we know, were chanted at the religious festivals of Rome from an early period; indeed from so early a period that some of the sacred verses were popularly ascribed to Numa, and were utterly unintelligible in the age of Augustus. In the Second Punic War a great feast was held in honor of Juno, and a song was sung in her praise. This song was extant when Livy wrote; and, though exceedingly rugged and uncouth, seemed to him not wholly destitute of merit. A song, as we learn from Horace, was part of the established ritual at the great Secular Jubilee. It is therefore likely that the Censors and Pontiffs, when they had

resolved to add a grand procession of knights to the other solemnities annually performed on the Ides of Quintilis, would call in the aid of a poet. Such a poet would naturally take for his subject the battle of Regillus, the appearance of the Twin Gods, and the institution of their festival. He would find abundant materials in the ballads of his predecessors; and he would make free use of the scanty stock of Greek learning which he had himself acquired. He would probably introduce some wise and holy Pontiff enjoining the magnificent ceremonial, which, after a long interval, had at length been adopted. If the poem succeeded, many persons would commit it to memory. Parts of it would be sung to the pipe at banquets. It would be peculiarly interesting to the great Posthumian House, which numbered among its many images that of the Dictator Aulus, the hero of Regillus. The orator who, in the following generation, pronounced the funeral panegyric over the remains of Lucius Posthumius Megellus, thrice Consul, would borrow largely from the lay; and thus some passages, much disfigured, would probably find their way into the chronicles which were afterwards in the hands of Dionysius and Livy.

Antiquaries differ widely as to the situation of the field of battle. The opinion of those who suppose that the armies met near Cornufelle, between Frascati and the Monte Porzio, is at least plausible, and has been followed in the poem.

As to the details of the battle, it has not been thought desirable to adhere minutely to the accounts which have come down to us. Those accounts, indeed, differ widely from each other, and, in all probability, differ as widely from the ancient poem from which they were originally derived.

It is unnecessary to point out the obvious imitations of the Iliad, which have been purposely introduced.

INTRODUCTION TO VIRGINIA

WRITTEN BY LORD MACAULAY

A COLLECTION consisting exclusively of war-songs would give an imperfect, or rather an erroneous, notion of the spirit of the old Latin ballads. The Patricians, during more than a century after the expulsion of the Kings, held all the high military commands. A Plebeian, even though, like Lucius Siccius, he were distinguished by his valor and knowledge of war, could serve only in subordinate posts. A minstrel, therefore, who wished to celebrate the early triumphs of his country, could hardly take any but Patricians for his heroes. The warriors who are mentioned in the two preceding lays, Horatius, Lartius, Herminius, Aulus Posthumius, Æbutius Elva, Sempronius Atratinus, Valerius Poplicola, were all members of the dominant order; and a poet who was singing their praises, whatever his own political opinions might be, would naturally abstain from insulting the class to which they belonged, and from reflecting on the system which had placed such men at the head of the legions of the Commonwealth.

But there was a class of compositions in which the great families were by no means so courteously treated. No parts of early Roman history are richer with poetical coloring than those which relate to the long contest between the privileged houses and the commonalty. The population of Rome was, from a very early period, divided into hereditary castes, which, indeed, readily united to repel foreign enemies, but which regarded each other, during many years, with bitter animosity. Be-

tween those castes there was a barrier hardly less strong than that which, at Venice, parted the members of the Great Council from their countrymen. In some respects, indeed, the line which separated an Icilius or a Duilius from a Posthumius or a Fabius was even more deeply marked than that which separated the rower of a gondola from a Contarini or a Morosini. At Venice the distinction was merely civil. At Rome it was both civil and religious. Among the grievances under which the Plebeians suffered, three were felt as peculiarly severe: they were excluded from the highest magistracies; they were excluded from all share in the public lands; and they were ground down to the dust by partial and barbarous legislation touching pecuniary contracts. The ruling class in Rome was a moneyed class; and it made and administered the laws with a view solely to its own interest. Thus the relation between lender and borrower was mixed up with the relation between sovereign and subject. The great men held a large portion of the community in dependence by means of advances at enormous usury. The law of debt, framed by creditors, and for the protection of creditors, was the most horrible that has ever been known among men. The liberty, and even the life, of the insolvent were at the mercy of the Patrician money-lenders. Children often became slaves in consequence of the misfortunes of their parents. The debtor was imprisoned, not in a public jail under the care of impartial public functionaries, but in a private workhouse belonging to the creditor. Frightful stories were told respecting these dungeons. It was said that torture and brutal violation were common; that tight stocks, heavy chains, scanty measures of food, were used to punish wretches guilty of nothing but poverty; and that brave soldiers, whose breasts were covered with honorable scars, were often marked still more deeply on the back by the scourges of high-born usurers.

The Plebeians were, however, not wholly without constitutional rights. From an early period they had been admitted to some share of political power. They were enrolled each in his century, and were allowed a share considerable, though not proportioned to their numerical strength, in the disposal of those high dignities from which they were themselves excluded. Thus their position bore some resemblance to that of the Irish Catholics during the interval between the year 1792 and the year 1829. The Plebeians had also the privilege of annually appointing officers, named Tribunes, who had no active share in the government of the Commonwealth, but who, by degrees, acquired a power formidable even to the ablest and most resolute Consuls and Dictators. The person of the Tribune was inviolable; and though he could directly effect little, he could obstruct everything.

During more than a century after the institution of the Tribuneship, the Commons struggled manfully for the removal of the grievances under which they labored; and, in spite of many checks and reverses, succeeded in wringing concession after concession from the stubborn aristocracy. At length in the year of the city 378, both parties mustered their whole strength for their last and most desperate conflict. The popular and active Tribune, Caius Licinius, proposed the three memorable laws which are called by his name, and which were intended to redress the three great evils of which the Plebeians complained. He was supported, with eminent ability and firmness, by his colleague, Lucius Sextius. The struggle appears to have been the fiercest that ever in any community terminated without an appeal to arms. If such a contest had raged in any Greek city, the streets would have run with blood. But, even in the paroxysms of faction, the Roman retained his gravity, his respect for law, and his tenderness for the lives of his fellow-citizens. Year after year Licinius and Sextius were

re-elected Tribunes. Year after year, if the narrative which has come down to us is to be trusted, they continued to exert, to the full extent, their power of stopping the whole machine of government. No curule magistrates could be chosen; no military muster could be held. We know too little of the state of Rome in those days to be able to conjecture how, during that long anarchy, the peace was kept, and ordinary justice administered between man and man. The animosity of both parties rose to the greatest height. The excitement, we may well suppose, would have been peculiarly intense at the annual election of Tribunes. On such occasions there can be little doubt that the great families did all that could be done, by threats and caresses, to break the union of the Plebeians. That union, however, proved indissoluble. At length the good cause triumphed. The Licinian laws were carried. Lucius Sextius was the first Plebeian Consul, Caius Licinius the third.

The results of this great change were singularly happy and glorious. Two centuries of prosperity, harmony, and victory followed the reconciliation of the orders. Men who remembered Rome engaged in waging petty wars almost within sight of the Capitol lived to see her the mistress of Italy. While the disabilities of the Plebeians continued, she was scarcely able to maintain her ground against the Volscians and Hernicans. When those disabilities were removed, she rapidly became more than a match for Carthage and Macedon.

During the great Licinian contest the Plebeian poets were, doubtless, not silent. Even in modern times songs have been by no means without influence on public affairs; and we may therefore infer that, in a society where printing was unknown, and where books were rare, a pathetic or humorous party-ballad must have produced effects such as we can but faintly conceive. It is certain that satirical poems were common at Rome from

a very early period. The rustics, who lived at a distance from the seat of government, and took little part in the strife of factions, gave vent to their petty local animosities in coarse Fescennine verse. The lampoons of the city were doubtless of a higher order; and their sting was early felt by the nobility. For in the Twelve Tables, long before the time of the Licinian laws, a severe punishment was denounced against the citizen who should compose or recite verses reflecting on another.[1] Satire is, indeed, the only sort of composition in which the Latin poets, whose works have come down to us, were not mere imitators of foreign models; and it is therefore the only sort of composition in which they have never been rivaled. It was not, like their tragedy, their comedy, their epic and lyric poetry, a hot-house plant which, in return for assiduous and skillful culture, gave only scanty and sickly fruits. It was hardy and full of sap; and in all the various juices which it yielded might be distinguished the flavor of the Ausonian soil. "Satire," says Quinctilian, with just pride, "is all our own." Satire sprang, in truth, naturally from the constitution of the Roman government and from the spirit of the Roman people; and, though at length subjected to metrical rules derived from Greece, retained to the last an essentially Roman character. Lucilius was the earliest satirist whose works were held in esteem under the Cæsars. But many years before Lucilius was born, Nævius had been flung into a dungeon, and guarded there with circumstances of unusual rigor, on account of the bitter lines in which he had attacked the great Cæcilian family. The genius and spirit of the Roman satirist survived the liberty of their country, and were not extinguished by the cruel despotism of the Julian and Flavian Emperors. The great poet who told the story of Domitian's turbot was the legitimate successor of those forgotten minstrels whose songs animated the factions of the infant Republic.

These minstrels, as Niebuhr has remarked, appear to have generally taken the popular side. We can hardly be mistaken in supposing that, at the great crisis of the civil conflict, they employed themselves in versifying all the most powerful and virulent speeches of the Tribunes, and in heaping abuse on the leaders of the aristocracy. Every personal defect, every domestic scandal, every tradition dishonorable to a noble house, would be sought out, brought into notice, and exaggerated. The illustrious head of the aristocratical party, Marcus Furius Camillus, might perhaps be, in some measure, protected by his venerable age and by the memory of his great services to the State. But Appius Claudius Crassus enjoyed no such immunity. He was descended from a long line of ancestors distinguished by their haughty demeanor, and by the inflexibility with which they had withstood all the demands of the Plebeian order. While the political conduct and the deportment of the Claudian nobles drew upon them the fiercest public hatred, they were accused of wanting, if any credit is due to the early history of Rome, a class of qualities which, in the military commonwealth, is sufficient to cover a multitude of offenses. The chiefs of the family appear to have been eloquent, versed in civil business, and learned after the fashion of their age; but in war they were not distinguished by skill or valor. Some of them, as if conscious where their weakness lay, had, when filling the highest magistracies, taken internal administration as their department of public business, and left the military command to their colleagues.[1] One of them had been intrusted with an army, and had failed ignominiously.[2] None of them had been honored with a triumph. None of them had achieved any martial exploit, such as those by which Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, Titus Quinctius Capitolinus, Aulus Cornelius Cossus, and, above all, the great Camillus, had extorted

the reluctant esteem of the multitude. During the Licinian conflict, Appius Claudius Crassus signalized himself by the ability and severity with which he harangued against the two great agitators. He would naturally, therefore, be the favorite mark of the Plebeian satirists; nor would they have been at a loss to find a point on which he was open to attack.

His grandfather, called, like himself, Appius Claudius, had left a name as much detested as that of Sextus Tarquinius. This elder Appius had been Consul more than seventy years before the introduction of the Licinian laws. By availing himself of a singular crisis in public feeling, he had obtained the consent of the Commons to the abolition of the Tribuneship, and had been the chief of that Council of Ten to which the whole direction of the State had been committed. In a few months his administration had become universally odious. It had been swept away by an irresistible outbreak of popular fury; and its memory was still held in abhorrence by the whole city. The immediate cause of the downfall of this execrable government was said to have been an attempt made by Appius Claudius upon the chastity of a beautiful young girl of humble birth. The story ran that the Decemvir, unable to succeed by bribes and solicitations, resorted to an outrageous act of tyranny. A vile dependent of the Claudian house laid claim to the damsel as his slave. The cause was brought before the tribunal of Appius. The wicked magistrate, in defiance of the clearest proofs, gave judgment for the claimant. But the girl's father, a brave soldier, saved her from servitude and dishonor by stabbing her to the heart in the sight of the whole Forum. That blow was the signal for a general explosion. Camp and city rose at once; the Ten were pulled down; the Tribuneship was re-established and Appius escaped the hands of the executioner only by a voluntary death.

It can hardly be doubted that a story so admirably adapted to the purposes both of the poet and of the demagogue would be eagerly seized upon by minstrels burning with hatred against the Patrician order, against the Claudian house, and especially against the grandson and namesake of the infamous Decemvir.

In order that the reader may judge fairly of these fragments of the lay of Virginia, he must imagine himself a Plebeian who has just voted for the re-election of Sextius and Licinius. All the power of the Patricians has been exerted to throw out the two great champions of the Commons. Every Posthumius, Æmilius, and Cornelius has used his influence to the utmost. Debtors have been let out of the workhouses on condition of voting against the men of the people; clients have been posted to hiss and interrupt the favorite candidates. Appius Claudius Crassus has spoken with more than his usual eloquence and asperity: all has been in vain; Licinius and Sextius have a fifth time carried all the tribes; work is suspended; the booths are closed; the Plebeians bear on their shoulders the two champions of liberty through the Forum. Just at this moment it is announced that a popular poet, a zealous adherent of the Tribunes, has made a new song which will cut the Claudian nobles to the heart. The crowd gathers round him, and calls on him to recite it. He takes his stand on the spot where, according to tradition, Virginia, more than seventy years ago, was seized by the pandar of Appius, and he begins his story.

INTRODUCTION TO THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS

WRITTEN BY LORD MACAULAY

It can hardly be necessary to remind any reader that according to the popular tradition, Romulus, after he had slain his grand-uncle Amulius, and restored his grandfather Numitor, determined to quit Alba, the hereditary domain of the Sylvian princes, and to found a new city. The Gods, it was added, vouchsafed the clearest signs of the favor with which they regarded the enterprise, and of the high destinies reserved for the young colony.

This event was likely to be a favorite theme of the old Latin minstrels. They would naturally attribute the project of Romulus to some divine intimation of the power and prosperity which it was decreed that his city should attain. They would probably introduce seers foretelling the victories of unborn Consuls and Dictators, and the last great victory would generally occupy the most conspicuous place in the prediction. There is nothing strange in the supposition that the poet who was employed to celebrate the first great triumph of the Romans over the Greeks might throw his song of exultation into this form.

The occasion was one likely to excite the strongest feelings of national pride. A great outrage had been followed by a great retribution. Seven years before this time, Lucius Posthumius Megellus, who sprang from one of the noblest houses of Rome, and had been thrice Consul, was sent ambassador to Tarentum, with charge to demand reparation for grievous injuries. The Taren-

tines gave him audience in their theater, where he addressed them in such Greek as he could command, which, we may well believe, was not exactly such as Cineas would have spoken. An exquisite sense of the ridiculous belonged to the Greek character; and closely connected with this faculty was a strong propensity to flippancy and impertinence. When Posthumius placed an accent wrong, his hearers burst into a laugh. When he remonstrated, they hooted him, and called him barbarian; and at length hissed him off the stage as if he had been a bad actor. As the grave Roman retired, a buffoon who, from his constant drunkenness, was nick-named the Pintpot, came up, with gestures of the grossest indecency, and bespattered the senatorial gown with filth. Posthumius turned around to the multitude, and held up the gown, as if appealing to the universal law of nations. The sight only increased the insolence of the Tarentines. They clapped their hands, and set up a shout of laughter which shook the theater. "Men of Tarentum," said Posthumius, "it will take not a little blood to wash this gown."

Rome, in consequence of this insult, declared war against the Tarentines. The Tarentines sought for allies beyond the Ionian Sea. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, came to their help with a large army; and, for the first time, the two great nations of antiquity were fairly matched against each other.

The fame of Greece in arms, as well as in arts, was then at the height. Half a century earlier, the career of Alexander had excited the admiration and terror of all nations from the Ganges to the Pillars of Hercules. Royal houses, founded by Macedonian captains, still reigned at Antioch and Alexandria. That barbarian warriors, led by barbarian chiefs, should win a pitched battle against Greek valor guided by Greek science seemed as incredible as it would now seem that the Burmese or the Siamese should, in the open plain, put to flight an

equal number of the best English troops. The Tarentines were convinced that their countrymen were irresistible in war; and this conviction had emboldened them to treat with the grossest indignity one whom they regarded as the representative of an inferior race. Of the Greek generals then living, Pyrrhus was indisputably the first. Among the troops who were trained in the Greek discipline, his Epirotes ranked high. His expedition to Italy was a turning-point in the history of the world. He found there a people who, far inferior to the Athenians and Corinthians in the fine arts, in the speculative sciences, and in all the refinements of life, were the best soldiers on the face of the earth. Their arms, their gradations of rank, their order of battle, their method of intrenchment, were all of Latian origin, and had all been gradually brought near to perfection, not by the study of foreign models, but by the genius and experience of many generations of great native commanders. The first words which broke from the king, when his practiced eye had surveyed the Roman encampment, were full of meaning: "These barbarians," he said, "have nothing barbarous in their military arrangements." He was at first victorious; for his own talents were superior to those of the captains who were opposed to him; and the Romans were not prepared for the onset of the elephants of the East, which were then for the first time seen in Italy — moving mountains, with long snakes for hands. But the victories of the Epirotes were fiercely disputed, dearly purchased, and altogether unprofitable. At length, Manius Curius Dentatus, who had in his first Consulship won two triumphs, was again placed at the head of the Roman Commonwealth, and sent to encounter the invaders. A great battle was fought near Beneventum. Pyrrhus was completely defeated. He repassed the sea; and the world learned, with amazement, that a people had been discovered, who, in fair fighting, were

superior to the best troops that had been drilled on the system of Parmenio and Antigonus.

The conquerors had a good right to exult in their success; for their glory was all their own. They had not learned from their enemy how to conquer him. It was with their own national arms, and in their own national battle-array, that they had overcome weapons and tactics long believed to be invincible. The pilum and the broadsword had vanquished the Macedonian spear. The legion had broken the Macedonian phalanx. Even the elephants, when the surprise produced by their first appearance was over, could cause no disorder in the steady yet flexible battalions of Rome.

It is said by Florus, and may easily be believed, that the triumph far surpassed in magnificence any that Rome had previously seen. The only spoils which Papirius Cursor and Fabius Maximus could exhibit were flocks and herds, wagons of rude structure, and heaps of spears and helmets. But now, for the first time, the riches of Asia and the arts of Greece adorned a Roman pageant. Plate, fine stuffs, costly furniture, rare animals, exquisite paintings and sculptures, formed part of the procession. At the banquet would be assembled a crowd of warriors and statesmen, among whom Manius Curius Dentatus would take the highest room. Caius Fabricius Luscinus, then, after two Consulships and two triumphs, Censor of the Commonwealth, would doubtless occupy a place of honor at the board. In situations less conspicuous probably lay some of those who were, a few years later, the terror of Carthage; Caius Duilius, the founder of the maritime greatness of his country; Marcus Atilius Regulus, who owed to defeat a renown far higher than that which he had derived from his victories; and Caius Lutatius Catulus, who, while suffering from a grievous wound, fought the great battle of the Ægates, and brought the first Punic war to a triumphant close. It is impossible

to recount the names of these eminent citizens, without reflecting that they were all, without exception, Plebeians, and would, but for the ever-memorable struggle maintained by Caius Licinius and Lucius Sextius, have been doomed to hide in obscurity, or to waste in civil broils, the capacity and energy which prevailed against Pyrrhus and Hamilcar.

On such a day we may suppose that the patriotic enthusiasm of a Latin poet would vent itself in reiterated shouts of *Io triumphe*, such as were uttered by Horace on a far less exciting occasion, and in boasts resembling those which Virgil put into the mouth of Anchises. The superiority of some foreign nations, and especially of the Greeks, in the lazy arts of peace, would be admitted with disdainful candor; but pre-eminence in all the qualities which fit a people to subdue and govern mankind would be claimed for the Romans.

The following lay belongs to the latest age of Latin ballad-poetry. Nævius and Livius Andronicus were probably among the children whose mothers held them up to see the chariot of Curius go by. The minstrel who sang on that day might possibly have lived to read the first hexameters of Ennius, and to see the first comedies of Plautus. His poem, as might be expected, shows a much wider acquaintance with the geography, manners, and productions of remote nations than would have been found in compositions of the age of Camillus. But he troubles himself little about dates, and having heard travelers talk with admiration of the Colossus of Rhodes, and of the structures and gardens with which the Macedonian kings of Syria had embellished their residence on the banks of the Orontes, he has never thought of inquiring whether these things existed in the age of Romulus.

HORATIUS

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX

Lars Porsena of Clusium [1]
By the Nine Gods he swore [2].
That the great house of Tarquin [3]
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,[4]
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

II

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium [5]
Is on the march for Rome.

III

The horsemen and the footmen
  Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place;
  From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
  Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
  Of purple Apennine;[1]

IV

From lordly Volaterræ,[2]
  Where scowls the far-famed hold[3]
Piled by the hands of giants
  For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,[4]
  Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
  Fringing the southern sky;

V

From the proud mart of Pisæ,[5]
  Queen of the western waves,

Where ride Massilia's [1] triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves; [2]
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona [3] lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

VI

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.[4]

VII

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;

Unharmed the water fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

VIII

The harvests of Arretium,[1]
This year, old men shall reap,
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,[2]
This year, the must [3] shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls [4]
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

IX

There be thirty chosen prophets,[5]
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white [6]
By mighty seers of yore.

X

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;[1]
And hang round Nurscia's altars[2]
The golden shields of Rome."

XI

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale[3] of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten:
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.[4]

XII

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,

And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,[1]
Prince of the Latin name.

XIII

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign[2]
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

XIV

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,

And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

XV

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

XVI

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,[1]
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,[2]
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

XVII

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands,
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia [1]
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,[2]
And the stout guards are slain.

XVIII

I wis, in all the Senate,[3]
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,[4]
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

XIX

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;

Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town."

XX

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

XXI

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.

And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

XXII

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.[1]
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,

Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.[1]

XXIV

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,[2]
That wrought the deed of shame.[3]

XXV

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

XXVI

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge
What hope to save the town?"

XXVII

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

XXVIII

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,

And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens,[1]
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

XXIX

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

XXX

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:[2]
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:

"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

XXXI

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

XXXII

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

XXXIII

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,[1]
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

XXXIV

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an ax:
And Fathers mixed with Commons[2]
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.[3]

XXXV

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,

Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

XXXVII

Aunus from green Tifernum,[1]
Lord of the Hill of Vines;

And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;[1]
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.[2]

XXXVIII

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;[3]

And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

XL

Herminius smote down Aruns:
Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice-accursed sail."

XLI

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor

From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

XLII

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

XLIII

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter [1]
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

XLIV

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XLV

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

XLVIII

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,

Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

XLIX

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

L

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried "Forward!"

And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

LI

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud,
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

LII

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,

Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII

But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

LIV

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

LV

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream.
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

LVII

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;

Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

LVIII

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

LIX

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,

And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:[1]
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

LXII

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

LXIII

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

LXIV

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;

Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

LXVI

It stands in the Comitium,[1]
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,

How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LXVII

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

LXVIII

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus [1]
Roar louder yet within;

LXIX

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

LXX

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS

A LAY SUNG AT THE FEAST OF CASTOR AND POLLUX, ON THE IDES OF QUINTILIS, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCCLI

I

Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note!
Ho, lictors, clear the way![1]
The Knights will ride, in all their pride,
Along the streets to-day.
To-day the doors and windows
Are hung with garlands all,
From Castor in the Forum,[2]
To Mars without the wall.
Each Knight is robed in purple,
With olive each is crowned;
A gallant war-horse under each
Paws haughtily the ground.
While flows the Yellow River,[3]
While stands the Sacred Hill,[4]
The proud Ides of Quintilis[5]
Shall have such honor still.
Gay are the Martian Kalends:[6]
December's Nones are gay:[7]

But the proud Ides, when the squadron rides,
Shall be Rome's whitest day.[1]

II

Unto the Great Twin Brethren[2]
We keep this solemn feast.
Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren
Came spurring from the east.
They came o'er wild Parthenius[3]
Tossing in waves of pine,
O'er Cirrha's dome, o'er Adria's foam,
O'er purple Apennine,
From where with flutes and dances
Their ancient mansion rings,
In lordly Lacedæmon,[4]
The city of two kings,[5]
To where, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height.
All in the lands of Tusculum,
Was fought the glorious fight.

III

Now on the place of slaughter
Are cots and sheepfolds seen,

And rows of vines, and fields of wheat,
And apple-orchards green;
The swine crush the big acorns
That fall from Corne's oaks.
Upon the turf by the Fair Fount
The reaper's pottage smokes.
The fisher baits his angle;
The hunter twangs his bow;
Little they think on those strong limbs
That molder deep below.
Little they think how sternly
That day the trumpets pealed;
How in the slippery swamp of blood
Warrior and war-horse reeled;
How wolves came with fierce gallop,
And crows on eager wings,
To tear the flesh of captains,
And peck the eyes of kings;
How thick the dead lay scattered
Under the Porcian height;
How through the gates of Tusculum
Raved the wild stream of flight;
And how the Lake Regillus [1]
Bubbled with crimson foam,

What time the Thirty Cities [1]
Came forth to war with Rome.

IV

But, Roman, when thou standest
Upon that holy ground,
Look thou with heed on the dark rock
That girds the dark lake round,
So shalt thou see a hoof-mark
Stamped deep into the flint:
It was no hoof of mortal steed
That made so strange a dint:
There to the Great Twin Brethren
Vow thou thy vows, and pray
That they, in tempest and in fight,
Will keep thy head alway.

V

Since last the Great Twin Brethren
Of mortal eyes were seen,
Have years gone by an hundred
And fourscore and thirteen.
That summer a Virginius
Was Consul first in place; [2]

The second was stout Aulus,
Of the Posthumian race.
The Herald of the Latines[1]
From Gabii came in state:
The Herald of the Latines
Passed through Rome's Eastern Gate:
The Herald of the Latines
Did in our Forum stand;
And there he did his office,
A scepter in his hand.

VI

"Hear, Senators and people
Of the good town of Rome,
The Thirty Cities charge you
To bring the Tarquins home:[2]
And if ye still be stubborn,
To work the Tarquins wrong,
The Thirty Cities warn you,
Look that your walls be strong."

VII

Then spake the Consul Aulus,
He spake a bitter jest:

"Once the jay sent a message
Unto the eagle's nest: —
Now yield thou up thine eyrie
Unto the carrion-kite,
Or come forth valiantly, and face
The jays in deadly fight. —
Forth looked in wrath the eagle;
And carrion-kite and jay,
Soon as they saw his beak and claw,
Fled screaming far away."

VIII

The Herald of the Latines
Hath hied him back in state;
The Fathers of the City
Are met in high debate.
Then spake the elder Consul,
An ancient man and wise:
"Now hearken, Conscript Fathers,[1]
To that which I advise.
In seasons of great peril
'Tis good that one bear sway;
Then choose we a Dictator,[2]
Whom all men shall obey,

Camerium knows how deeply
The sword of Aulus bites,
And all our city calls him
The man of seventy fights.
Then let him be Dictator
For six months and no more,
And have a Master of the Knights,
And axes twenty-four." [1]

IX

So Aulus was Dictator,
The man of seventy fights;
He made Æbutius Alva
His Master of the Knights.
On the third morn thereafter,
At dawning of the day,
Did Aulus and Æbutius
Set forth with their array.
Sempronius Atratinus
Was left in charge at home
With boys, and with gray-headed men,
To keep the walls of Rome.
Hard by the Lake Regillus
Our camp was pitched at night:

Eastward a mile the Latines lay,
Under the Porcian height.
Far over hill and valley
Their mighty host was spread;
And with their thousand watch-fires
The midnight sky was red.

X

Up rose the golden morning
Over the Porcian height,
The proud Ides of Quintilis
Marked evermore with white.
Not without secret trouble
Our bravest saw the foes;
For girt by threescore thousand spears,
The thirty standards rose.
From every warlike city
That boasts of the Latian name,
Foredoomed to dogs and vultures,
That gallant army came;
From Setia's purple vineyards,
From Norba's ancient wall,
From the white streets of Tusculum,
The proudest town of all;

From where the witch's Fortress [1]
O'erhangs the dark blue seas;
From the still glassy lake that sleeps
Beneath Aricia's trees —
Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain ; [2]
From the drear banks of Ufens,
Where flights of marsh-fowl play,
And buffaloes lie wallowing
Through the hot summer's day;
From the gigantic watch-towers,
No work of earthly men,
Whence Cora's sentinels o'erlook
The never-ending fen;
From the Laurentian jungle,
The wild-hog's reedy home;
From the green steeps whence Anio leaps
In floods of snow-white foam.

XI

Aricia, Cora, Norba,
Velitræ, with the might

Of Seita and of Tusculum,
Were marshaled on the right:
The leader was Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
Upon his head a helmet
Of red gold shone like flame;
High on a gallant charger
Of dark-gray hue he rode;
Over his gilded armor
A vest of purple flowed,
Woven in the land of sunrise
By Syria's dark-browed daughters,[1]
And by the sails of Carthage brought[2]
Far o'er the southern waters.

XII

Lavinium and Laurentum
Had on the left their post,
With all the banners of the marsh,
And banners of the coast.
Their leader was false Sextus,[3]
That wrought the deed of shame:
With restless pace and haggard face
To his last field he came.

Men said he saw strange visions
Which none beside might see,
And that strange sounds were in his ears
Which none might hear but he.
A woman fair and stately,
But pale as are the dead,
Oft through the watches of the night
Sat spinning by his bed.
And as she plied the distaff,
In a sweet voice and low,
She sang of great old houses,
And fights fought long ago.
So spun she, and so sang she,
Until the east was gray,
Then pointed to her bleeding breast,
And shrieked, and fled away.

XIII

But in the center thickest
Were ranged the shields of foes,
And from the center loudest
The cry of battle rose.
There Tiber marched and Pedum
Beneath proud Tarquin's rule,

And Ferentinum of the rock,
  And Gabii of the pool.
There rode the Volscian succors;
  There, in a dark, stern ring,
The Roman exiles gathered close
  Around the ancient king.
Though white as Mount Soracte,
  When winter nights are long,
His beard flowed down o'er mail and belt,
  His heart and hand were strong:
Under his hoary eyebrows
  Still flashed forth quenchless rage,
And, if the lance shook in his gripe,
  'Twas more with hate than age.
Close at his side was Titus
  On an Apulian steed,
Titus, the youngest Tarquin,
  Too good for such a breed.

XIV

Now on each side the leaders
  Give signal for the charge;
And on each side the footmen
  Strode on with lance and targe;

And on each side the horsemen
Struck their spurs deep in gore;
And front to front the armies
Met with a mighty roar:
And under that great battle
The earth with blood was red;
And, like the Pomptine fog at morn,[1]
The dust hung overhead;
And louder still and louder
Rose from the darkened field
The braying of the war-horns,
The clang of sword and shield,
The rush of squadrons sweeping
Like whirlwinds o'er the plain,
The shouting of the slayers,
And screeching of the slain.

XV

False Sextus rode out foremost;
His look was high and bold;
His corselet was of bison's hide,
Plated with steel and gold.
As glares the famished eagle
From the Digentian rock

On a choice lamb that bounds alone
Before Bandusia's flock,
Herminius glared on Sextus,
And came with eagle speed,
Herminius on black Auster,
Brave champion on brave steed;
In his right hand the broadsword
That kept the bridge so well,
And on his helm the crown he won
When proud Fidenæ fell.
Woe to the maid whose lover
Shall cross his path to-day!
False Sextus saw, and trembled,
And turned, and fled away.
As turns, as flies, the woodman
In the Calabrian brake,
When through the reeds gleams the round eye
Of that fell speckled snake,
So turned, so fled, false Sextus,
And hid him in the rear,
Behind the dark Lavinian ranks,
Bristling with crest and spear.

XVI

But far to north Æbutius,
The Master of the Knights,[1]
Gave Tubero of Norba
To feed the Porcian kites.
Next under those red horse-hoofs
Flaccus of Setia lay;
Better had he been pruning
Among his elms that day.
Mamilius saw the slaughter,
And tossed his golden crest,
And towards the Master of the Knights
Through the thick battle pressed.
Æbutius smote Mamilius
So fiercely on the shield
That the great lord of Tusculum
Well nigh rolled on the field.
Mamilius smote Æbutius,
With a good aim and true,
Just where the neck and shoulder join,
And pierced him through and through;
And brave Æbutius Elva
Fell swooning to the ground.

But a thick wall of bucklers
Encompassed him around.
His clients from the battle
Bare him some little space,
And filled a helm from the dark lake,
And bathed his brow and face,
And when at last he opened
His swimming eyes to light,
Men say, the earliest word he spake
Was, "Friends, how goes the fight?"

XVII

But meanwhile in the center
Great deeds of arms were wrought;
There Aulus the Dictator
And there Valerius fought.
Aulus with his good broadsword
A bloody passage cleared
To where, amidst the thickest foes,
He saw the long white beard.
Flat lighted that good broadsword
Upon proud Tarquin's head.[1]
He dropped the lance: he dropped the reins:
He fell as fall the dead.

Down Aulus springs to slay him,
With eyes like coals of fire;
But faster Titus hath sprung down,
And hath bestrode his sire.
Latian captains, Roman knights,
Fast down to earth they spring,
And hand to hand they fight on foot
Around the ancient king.
First Titus gave tall Cæso
A death wound in the face;
Tall Cæso was the bravest man
Of the brave Fabian race:
Aulus slew Rex of Gabii,
The priest of Juno's shrine:
Valerius smote down Julius,
Of Rome's great Julian line;[1]
Julius, who left his mansion
High on the Velian hill,[2]
And through all turns of weal and woe
Followed proud Tarquin still.
Now right across proud Tarquin
A corpse was Julius laid;
And Titus groaned with rage and grief,
And at Valerius made.

Valerius struck at Titus,
And lopped off half his crest;
But Titus stabbed Valerius
A span deep in the breast.
Like a mast snapped by the tempest,
Valerius reeled and fell.
Ah! woe is me for the good house
That loves the people well!
Then shouted loud the Latines;
And with one rush they bore
The struggling Romans backward
Three lances' length and more:
And up they took proud Tarquin,
And laid him on a shield,
And four strong yeomen bare him,
Still senseless, from the field.

XVIII

But fiercer grew the fighting
Around Valerius dead;
For Titus dragged him by the foot,
And Aulus by the head.
"On, Latines, on!" quoth Titus,
"See how the rebels fly!"

"Romans, stand firm!" quoth Aulus,
"And win this fight or die!
They must not give Valerius
To raven and to kite;
For aye Valerius loathed the wrong,
And aye upheld the right:
And for your wives and babies
In the front rank he fell.
Now play the men for the good house
That loves the people well!"

XIX

Then tenfold round the body
The roar of battle rose,
Like the roar of a burning forest,
When a strong north wind blows.
Now backward, and now forward,
Rocked furiously the fray,
Till none could see Valerius,
And none wist where he lay.[1]
For shivered arms and ensigns
Were heaped there in a mound,
And corpses stiff, and dying men
That writhed and gnawed the ground;

And wounded horses kicking,
And snorting purple foam:
Right well did such a couch befit
A Consular of Rome.[1]

XX

But north looked the Dictator;
North looked he long and hard;
And spake to Caius Cossus,
The Captain of his Guard:
"Caius, of all the Romans
Thou hast the keenest sight;
Say, what through yonder storm of dust
Comes from the Latian right?"

XXI

Then answered Caius Cossus
"I see an evil sight;
The banner of proud Tusculum
Comes from the Latian right;
I see the plumed horsemen;
And far before the rest
I see the dark gray charger,
I see the purple vest;

I see the golden helmet
That shines far off like flame;
So ever rides Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name."

XXII

"Now hearken, Caius Cossus:
Spring on thy horse's back;
Ride as the wolves of Apennine
Were all upon thy track;
Haste to our southward battle:
And never draw thy rein
Until thou find Herminius,
And bid him come amain."

XXIII

So Aulus spake, and turned him
Again to that fierce strife;
And Caius Cossus mounted,
And rode for death and life.
Loud clanged beneath his horse-hoofs
The helmets of the dead,
And many a curdling pool of blood
Splashed him from heel to head.

So came he far to southward,
Where fought the Roman host,
Against the banners of the marsh
And banners of the coast.
Like corn before the sickle
The stout Lavinians fell,
Beneath the edge of the true sword
That kept the bridge so well.

XXIV

"Herminius! Aulus greets thee;
He bids thee come with speed,
To help our central battle;
For sore is there our need.
There wars the youngest Tarquin,
And there the Crest of Flame,[1]
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.
Valerius hath fallen fighting
In front of our array:
And Aulus of the seventy fields
Alone upholds the day."

XXV

Herminius beat his bosom:
But never a word he spake.
He clapped his hand on Auster's mane;
He gave the reins a shake,
Away, away went Auster,
Like an arrow from the bow:
Black Auster was the fleetest steed
From Aufidus to Po.[1]

XXVI

Right glad were all the Romans
Who, in that hour of dread,
Against great odds bare up the war
Around Valerius dead,
When from the south the cheering
Rose with a mighty swell;
"Herminius comes, Herminius,
Who kept the bridge so well!"

XXVII

Mamilius spied Herminius,
And dashed across the way.

"Herminius! I have sought thee
Through many a bloody day.
One of us two, Herminius,
Shall never more go home.
I will lay on for Tusculum,
And lay thou on for Rome!"

XXVIII

All round them paused the battle,
While met in mortal fray
The Roman and the Tusculan,
The horses black and gray.
Herminius smote Mamilius
Through breast-plate and through breast;
And fast flowed out the purple blood
Over the purple vest.
Mamilius smote Herminius
Through head-piece and through head;
And side by side those chiefs of pride
Together fell down dead.
Down fell they dead together
In a great lake of gore;
And still stood all who saw them fall
While men might count a score.

XXIX

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
The dark-gray charger fled:
He burst through ranks of fighting men;
He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
His bridle far out-streaming,
His flanks all blood and foam,
He sought the southern mountains,
The mountains of his home.
The pass was steep and rugged.
The wolves they howled and whined;
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind.
Through many a startled hamlet
Thundered his flying feet;
He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
He rushed up the long white street;
He rushed by tower and temple,
And paused not from his race
Till he stood before his master's door
In the stately market-place.
And straightway round him gathered
A pale and trembling crowd,

And when they knew him, cries of rage
Brake forth, and wailing loud:
And women rent their tresses
For their great prince's fall;
And old men girt on their old swords,
And went to man the wall.

XXX

But, like a graven image,
Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked
Into his master's face.
The raven-mane that daily,
With pats and fond caresses,
The young Herminia washed and combed
And twined in even tresses,
And decked with colored ribands
From her own gay attire,
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
In carnage and in mire.
Forth with a shout sprang Titus,
And seized black Auster's rein.
Then Aulus sware a fearful oath,
And ran at him amain.

"The furies of thy brother [1]
With me and mine abide,
If one of your accursed house
Upon black Auster ride!"
As on an Alpine watch-tower
From heaven comes down the flame,
Full on the neck of Titus
The blade of Aulus came:
And out the red blood spouted,
In a wide arch and tall,
As spouts a fountain in the court
Of some rich Capuan's hall.
The knees of all the Latines
Were loosened with dismay
When dead, on dead Herminius,
The bravest Tarquin lay.

XXXI

And Aulus the Dictator
Stroked Auster's raven mane,
With heed he looked unto the girths,
With heed unto the rein.
"Now bear me well, black Auster,
Into yon thick array;

And thou and I will have revenge
For thy good lord this day."

XXXII

So spake he; and was buckling
Tighter black Auster's band,
When he was aware of a princely pair
That rode at his right hand.[1]
So like they were, no mortal
Might one from other know:
White as snow their armor was:
Their steeds were white as snow.
Never on earthly anvil
Did such rare armor gleam;
And never did such gallant steeds
Drink of an earthly stream.

XXXIII

And all who saw them trembled,
And pale grew every cheek;
And Aulus the Dictator
Scarce gathered voice to speak.
"Say by what name men call you?
What city is your home?

And wherefore ride ye in such guise
Before the ranks of Rome?"

XXXIV

"By many names men call us;
In many lands we dwell:
Well Samothracia knows us;[1]
Cyrene knows us well.[2]
Our house in gay Tarentum[3]
Is hung each morn with flowers:
High o'er the masts of Syracuse[4]
Our marble portal towers;
But by the proud Eurotas[5]
Is our dear native home;
And for the right we come to fight
Before the ranks of Rome."

XXXV

So answered those strange horsemen,
And each couched low his spear;
And forthwith all the ranks of Rome
Were bold, and of good cheer:
And on the thirty armies
Came wonder and affright,

And Ardea wavered on the left,
And Cora on the right.
"Rome to the charge!" cried Aulus;
"The foe begins to yield!
Charge for the hearth of Vesta![1]
Charge for the Golden Shield![2]
Let no man stop to plunder,
But slay, and slay, and slay;
The Gods who live for ever
Are on our side to-day."

XXXVI

Then the fierce trumpet-flourish
From earth to heaven arose.
The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close.
Then the good sword of Aulus
Was lifted up to slay:
Then, like a crag down Apennine,
Rushed Auster through the fray.
But under those strange horsemen
Still thicker lay the slain;
And after those strange horses
Black Auster toiled in vain.

Behind them Rome's long battle
Came rolling on the foe,
Ensigns dancing wild above,
Blades all in line below.
So comes the Po in flood-time
Upon the Celtic plain:
So comes the squall, blacker than night,
Upon the Adrian main.
Now, by our Sire Quirinus,[1]
It was a goodly sight
To see the thirty standards
Swept down the tide of flight.
So flies the spray of Adria
When the black squall doth blow,
So corn-sheaves in the flood-time
Spin down the whirling Po.
False Sextus to the mountains
Turned first his horse's head;
And fast fled Ferentinum,
And fast Lanuvium fled.
The horseman of Nomentum
Spurred hard out of the fray;
The footmen of Velitræ
Threw shield and spear away.

And under foot was trampled,
Amidst the mud and gore,
The banner of proud Tusculum,
That never stooped before:
And down went Flavius Faustus,
Who led his stately ranks
From where the apple blossoms wave
On Anio's echoing banks,
And Tullus of Arpinum,
Chief of the Volscian aids,
And Metius with the long fair curls,
The love of Anxur's maids,
And the white head of Vulso,
The great Arician seer,
And Nepos of Laurentum,
The hunter of the deer;
And in the back false Sextus
Felt the good Roman steel,
And wriggling in the dust he died,
Like a worm beneath the wheel:
And fliers and pursuers
Were mingled in a mass;
And far away the battle
Went roaring through the pass.

XXXVII

Sempronius Atratinus
Sate in the Eastern Gate,
Beside him were three Fathers,
Each in his chair of state;
Fabius, whose nine stout grandsons
That day were in the field,
And Manlius, eldest of the Twelve,[1]
Who kept the Golden Shield;
And Sergius, the High Pontiff,[2]
For wisdom far renowned;
In all Etruria's colleges[3]
Was no such Pontiff found.
And all around the portal,
And high above the wall,
Stood a great throng of people,
But sad and silent all;
Young lads, and stooping elders
That might not bear the mail,
Matrons with lips that quivered,
And maids with faces pale.
Since the first gleam of daylight,
Sempronius had not ceased

To listen for the rushing
Of horse-hoofs from the east.
The mist of eve was rising,
The sun was hastening down,
When he was aware of a princely pair
Fast pricking towards the town.
So like they were, man never
Saw twins so like before;
Red with gore their armor was,
Their steeds were red with gore.

XXXVIII

"Hail to the great Asylum![1]
Hail to the hill-tops seven![2]
Hail to the fire that burns for aye,
And the shield that fell from heaven!
This day, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum
Was fought a glorious fight,
To-morrow your Dictator
Shall bring in triumph home
The spoils of thirty cities
To deck the shrines of Rome!"

XXXIX

Then burst from that great concourse
A shout that shook the towers,
And some ran north, and some ran south,
Crying, "The day is ours!"
But on rode these strange horsemen,
With slow and lordly pace;
And none who saw their bearing
Durst ask their name or race.
On rode they to the Forum,
While laurel-boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows,
Fell on their crests in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta,[1]
They vaulted down amain,
And washed their horses in the well
That springs by Vesta's fane.
And straight again they mounted,
And rode to Vesta's door;
Then, like a blast, away they passed,
And no man saw them more.

XL

And all the people trembled,
And pale grew every cheek;
And Sergius the High Pontiff
Alone found voice to speak:
"The gods who live for ever
Have fought for Rome to-day!
These be the Great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray.[1]
Back comes the Chief in triumph,
Who, in the hour of fight,
Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren
In harness on his right.
Safe comes the ship to haven,
Through billows and through gales,
If once the Great Twin Brethren
Sit shining on the sails.
Wherefore they washed their horses
In Vesta's holy well,
Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door,
I know, but may not tell.
Here, hard by Vesta's Temple,
Build we a stately dome

Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome.
And when the months returning
Bring back this day of fight,
The proud Ides of Quintilis,
Marked evermore with white,
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Let all the people throng,
With chaplets and with offerings,
With music and with song;
And let the doors and windows
Be hung with garlands all,
And let the Knights be summoned
To Mars without the wall: [1]
Thence let them ride in purple
With joyous trumpet-sound,
Each mounted on his war-horse,
And each with olive crowned;
And pass in solemn order
Before the sacred dome,
Where dwell the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome!"

VIRGINIA

FRAGMENTS OF A LAY SUNG IN THE FORUM ON THE DAY WHEREON LUCIUS SEXTIUS SEXTINUS LATERANUS AND CAIUS LICINIUS CALVUS STOLO WERE ELECTED TRIBUNES OF THE COMMONS THE FIFTH TIME, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLXXXII

Ye good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes [1] that still have stood by you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet may bear.
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,[2]
Of maids with snaky tresses,[3] or sailors turned to swine.[4]
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,

Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked
Ten bare sway.[1]

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held
accursed;
And of all the wicked Ten, Appius Claudius was
the worst.[2]
He stalked along the Forum like King Tarquin in
his pride:
Twelve axes waited on him,[3] six marching on a side;
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed
askance with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth, which always
seemed to sneer:
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks all
the kindred still;
For never was there Claudius yet but wished the
Commons ill:
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for close behind his
heels,
With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the
client Marcus steals,
His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand
what it may,

And the smile flickering on his cheek for aught his lord may say.
Such varlets pimp and jest for hire among the lying Greeks:
Such varlets still are paid to hoot when brave Licinius speaks.[1]
Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies will crowd;
Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak is loud;
Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the greedy pike ye see;
And whereso'er such lord is found, such client still will be.[2]

Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky,
Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl came by.
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm;
And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,

With bright, frank brow that had not learned to
blush at gaze of man;
And up the Sacred Street [1] she turned, and, as
she danced along,
She warbled gayly to herself lines of the good old
song,
How for a sport the princes came spurring from
the camp,
And found Lucrece,[2] combing the fleece, under the
midnight lamp.
The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he
darts his flight,
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the
morning light;
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw
her sweet young face,
And loved her with the accursed love of his
accursed race,
And all along the Forum,[3] and up the Sacred Street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small
glancing feet.

. . . . . .

Over the Alban mountains the light of morning
broke;

From all the roofs of the Seven Hills [1] curled the thin wreaths of smoke:
The city-gates were opened; the Forum all alive,
With buyers and with sellers was humming like a hive:
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing,
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home:
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.
She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the spot whereon I stand this day,
When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when erewhile

He crouched behind his patron's heels [1] with the true client smile:
He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched fist,
And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the wrist.
Hard strove the frighted maiden, and screamed with look aghast;
And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast;
The money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth [2] glittering with Punic wares,
And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand,
And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
All came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that fair child;
And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and smiled;
And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,

The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled in harsh, fell tone,
"She's mine, and I will have her: I seek but for mine own:
She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,
The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
'Twas in the sad September, the month of wail and fright.
Two augurs were borne forth that morn;[1] the Consul died ere night.
I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire:
Let him who works the client wrong beware the patron's ire!"

So spake the varlet Marcus; and dread and silence came
On all the people at the sound of the great Claudian name.
For then there was no Tribune[2] to speak the word of might,

Which makes the rich man tremble, and guards the poor man's right.
There was no brave Licinius, no honest Sextius then;[1]
But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the wicked Ten.
Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed, and shrieked for aid,
Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,[2]
And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,
And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
Whereon three moldering helmets, three rusting swords, are hung.
And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear.

"Now, by your children's cradles, now by your father's graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites,[3] or be forever slaves!

For this did Servius give us laws?[1] For this did Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin's evil seed?
For this did those false sons[2] make red the axes of their sire?
For this did Scævola's right hand[3] hiss in the Tuscan fire?
Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion's den?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?
Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate's will!
Oh for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred Hill![4]
In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side;
They faced the Marcian fury;[5] they tamed the Fabian pride;[6]
They drove the fiercest Quinctius[7] an outcast forth from Rome;
They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home.[8]

But what their care bequeathed us our madness flung away:
All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in a day.
Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard fought fight is o'er.
We strove for honors — 'twas in vain: for freedom — 'tis no more.
No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;
No Tribune breathes the word of might that guards the weak from wrong.
Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will.
Riches, and lands, and power, and state — ye have them: — keep them still.
Still keep the holy fillets;[1] still keep the purple gown,[2]
The axes[3] and the curule chair, the car, and laurel crown:[4]
Still press us for your cohorts,[5] and, when the fight is done,
Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords have won.
Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech-craft may not cure,

Let your foul usance [1] eat away the substance of the poor.
Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore;
Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore;
No fire when Tiber freezes; no air in dog-star heat;
And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes for free-born feet.
Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the Gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!
Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
From Consuls,[2] and High Pontiffs,[3] and ancient Alban kings? [4]
Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet,

Who from their cars look down with scorn upon
the wondering street,
Who in Corinthian mirrors[1] their own proud
smiles behold,
And breathe of Capuan odors,[2] and shine with
Spanish gold?
Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to
life —
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and
of wife,
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed
soul endures,
The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke
as yours.
Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's
breast with pride;
Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an unpolluted
bride.
Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable
shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the slug-
gard's blood to flame,
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our
despair,

And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much
the wretched dare."

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little
space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up
with horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crim-
son flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream
of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle
down:
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his
gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat
began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Fare-
well, sweet child! Farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I
sometimes be,
To thee, thou knowst I was not so. Who could be
so to thee?

And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,[1]
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown![2]
Now, all those things are over — yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.

The time is come. See how he points his eager
hand this way,
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's
upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned,
betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge
left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what
still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the por-
tion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt
and blow —
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou
shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give
me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no
way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her
in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one
sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces, shrieking, fled home amain;
Some ran to call a leech; and some ran to lift the slain:
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch the wound.
In vain they ran, and felt, and stanched; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown,

Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high.
"Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him; alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head."

He looked upon his clients: but none would work
his will.
He looked upon his lictors; but they trembled,
and stood still.
And, as Virginius through the press his way in
silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and
left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woful
home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds
are done in Rome.

By this the flood of people was swollen from
every side,
And streets and porches round were filled with that
o'erflowing tide;
And close around the body gathered a little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the
slain.
They brought a bier, and hung it with many a
cypress crown,
And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her
down.

The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and sneer,
And in the Claudian note he cried, "What doth this rabble here?
Have they no crafts to mind at home, that hitherward they stray?
Ho! lictors, clear the market-place, and fetch the corpse away!"
The voice of grief and fury till then had not been loud;
But a deep sullen murmur wandered among the crowd,
Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirlwind on the deep,
Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog but half-aroused from sleep.
But when the lictors at that word, tall yeomen all and strong,
Each with his ax and sheaf of twigs, went down into the throng,
Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and of sin,
That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.

The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief
and hate,
Were heard beyond the Pincian Hill,[1] beyond the
Latin Gate.
But close around the body, where stood the little
train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the
slain,
No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers
and black frowns,
And breaking up of benches, and girding up of
gowns.
'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to where
the maiden lay,
Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb
from limb that day.
Right glad they were to struggle back, blood
streaming from their heads,
With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in
shreds.
Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip, and the
blood left his cheek;
And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice
he strove to speak;

And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell;
"See, see, thou dog! what thou hast done; and hide thy shame in hell!
Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves must first make slaves of men.
Tribunes! Hurrah for Tribunes! Down with the wicked Ten!"
And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing through the air
Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule chair:
And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling came;
For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but shame.
Though the great houses love us not, we own, to do them right,
That the great houses, all save one, have borne them well in fight.
Still Caius of Corioli,[1] his triumphs and his wrongs,
His vengeance and his mercy, live in our campfire songs.
Beneath the yoke of Furius[2] oft have Gaul and Tuscan bowed;

And Rome may bear the pride of him of whom herself is proud.
But evermore a Claudius shrinks from a stricken field,
And changes color like a maid at sight of sword and shield.
The Claudian triumphs all were won within the city towers;
The Claudian yoke was never pressed on any necks but ours.
A Cossus, like a wild cat,[1] springs ever at the face;
A Fabius rushes like a boar [2] against the shouting chase;
But the vile Claudian litter, raging with currish spite,
Still yelps and snaps at those who run, still runs from those who smite.
So now 'twas seen of Appius. When stones began to fly,
He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands, and smote upon his thigh.
"Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in this fray!

Must I be torn in pieces? Home, home, the nearest way!"

While yet he spake, and looked around with a bewildered stare,

Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath the curule chair;

And fourscore clients on the left, and fourscore on the right,

Arrayed themselves with swords and staves, and loins girt up for fight.

But, though without or staff or sword, so furious was the throng

That scarce the train with might and main could bring their lord along.

Twelve times the crowd made at him; five times they seized his gown;

Small chance was his to rise again, if once they got him down:

And sharper came the pelting; and evermore the yell —

"Tribunes! we will have Tribunes!" — rose with a louder swell:

And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with tattered sail

When raves the Adriatic beneath an eastern gale,
When the Calabrian sea-marks are lost in clouds of spume,
And the great Thunder-Cape [1] has donned his veil of inky gloom.
One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and one beneath the ear;
And ere he reached Mount Palatine, he swooned with pain and fear.
His cursed head, that he was wont to hold so high with pride,
Now, like a drunken man's, hung down, and swayed from side to side;
And when his stout retainers had brought him to his door,
His face and neck were all one cake of filth and clotted gore.
As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his grandson be!
God send Rome one such other sight, and send me there to see!

. . . . . .

THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS

A LAY SUNG AT THE BANQUET IN THE CAPITOL, ON THE DAY WHEREON MANIUS CURIUS DENTATUS, A SECOND TIME CONSUL, TRIUMPHED OVER KING PYRRHUS AND THE TARENTINES, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCCLXXIX

I

Now slain is King Amulius,
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.
Slain is the Pontiff Camers,
Who spake the words of doom:[1]
"The children to the Tiber;
The mother to the tomb."

II

In Alba's lake no fisher
His net to-day is flinging:
On the dark rind of Alba's oaks
To-day no ax is ringing:
The yoke hangs o'er the manger;
The scythe lies in the hay:

Through all the Alban villages
No work is done to-day.

III

And every Alban burgher
Hath donned his whitest gown;
And every head in Alba
Weareth a poplar crown;
And every Alban door-post
With boughs and flowers is gay:
For to-day the dead are living;
The lost are found to-day.

IV

They were doomed by a bloody king;
They were doomed by a lying priest;
They were cast on the raging flood;
They were tracked by the raging beast.
Raging beast and raging flood
Alike have spared the prey;
And to-day the dead are living:
The lost are found to-day.

V

The troubled river knew them,
And smoothed his yellow foam,
And gently rocked the cradle
That bore the fate of Rome.
The ravening she-wolf knew them,[1]
And licked them o'er and o'er,
And gave them of her own fierce milk,
Rich with raw flesh and gore.
Twenty winters, twenty springs,
Since then have rolled away;
And to-day the dead are living:
The lost are found to-day.

VI

Blithe it was to see the twins,[2]
Right goodly youths and tall,
Marching from Alba Longa
To their old grandsire's hall.
Along their path fresh garlands
Are hung from tree to tree,
Before them stride the pipers,
Piping a note of glee.

VII

On the right goes Romulus,
With arms to the elbows red,
And in his hand a broadsword,
And on the blade a head —
A head in an iron helmet,
With horse-hair hanging down,
A shaggy head, a swarthy head,
Fixed in a ghastly frown —
The head of King Amulius
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.

VIII

On the left side goes Remus,
With wrists and fingers red,
And in his hand a boar-spear,
And on the point a head —
A wrinkled head and aged,
With silver beard and hair,
And holy fillets round it,
Such as the pontiffs wear —

The head of ancient Camers,
Who spake the words of doom:
"The children to the Tiber;
The mother to the tomb."

IX

Two and two behind the twins
Their trusty comrades go,
Four and forty valiant men,
With club, and ax, and bow.
On each side every hamlet
Pours forth its joyous crowd,
Shouting lads and baying dogs
And children laughing loud,
And old men weeping fondly
As Rhea's boys go by,[1]
And maids who shriek to see the heads,
Yet, shrieking, press more nigh.

X

So they marched along the lake;
They marched by fold and stall,
By corn-field and by vineyard,
Unto the old man's hall.

XI

In the hall-gate sate Capys,
Capys, the sightless seer;
From head to foot he trembled
As Romulus drew near.
And up stood still his thin white hair,
And his blind eyes flashed fire:
"Hail! foster child of the wondrous nurse![1]
Hail! son of the wondrous sire!"[2]

XII

"But thou — what dost thou here
In the old man's peaceful hall?
What doth the eagle in the coop,
The bison in the stall?
Our corn fills many a garner;
Our vines clasp many a tree;
Our flocks are white on many a hill
But these are not for thee.

XIII

"For thee no treasure ripens
In the Tartessian mine:[3]

For thee no ship brings precious bales
Across the Libyan brine: [1]
Thou shalt not drink from amber;
Thou shalt not rest on down;
Arabia shalt not steep thy locks,
Nor Sidon tinge thy gown.

XIV

"Leave gold and myrrh and jewels,
Rich table and soft bed,
To them who of man's seed are born,
Whom woman's milk have fed.
Thou wast not made for lucre,
For pleasure, nor for rest;
Thou, that art sprung from the War-god's loins,
And hast tugged at the she-wolf's breast.

XV

"From sunrise unto sunset
All earth shall hear thy fame;
A glorious city thou shalt build,
And name it by thy name:
And there, unquenched through ages,
Like Vesta's sacred fire,[2]

Shall live the spirit of thy nurse,
The spirit of thy sire.

XVI

"The ox toils through the furrow,
Obedient to the goad;
The patient ass, up flinty paths,
Plods with his weary load:
With whine and bound the spaniel
His master's whistle hears;
And the sheep yields her patiently
To the loud-clashing shears.

XVII

"But thy nurse will hear no master;
Thy nurse will bear no load;
And woe to them that shear her,
And woe to them that goad!
When all the pack, loud baying,
Her bloody lair surrounds,
She dies in silence, biting hard,
Amidst the dying hounds.

XVIII

"Pomona loves the orchard;[1]
And Liber loves the vine;[2]
And Pales loves the straw-built shed[3]
Warm with the breath of kine;
And Venus loves the whispers[4]
Of plighted youth and maid,
In April's ivory moonlight
Beneath the chestnut shade.

XIX

"But thy father loves the clashing
Of broadsword and of shield:
He loves to drink the stream that reeks
From the fresh battle-field:
He smiles a smile more dreadful
Than his own dreadful frown,
When he sees the thick black cloud of smoke
Go up from the conquered town.

XX

"And such as is the War-god,
The author of thy line,

And such as she who suckled thee,
Even such be thou and thine.
Leave to the soft Campanian
His baths and his perfumes;
Leave to the sordid race of Tyre [1]
Their dyeing-vats and looms:
Leave to the sons of Carthage [2]
The rudder and the oar:
Leave to the Greek his marble Nymphs [3]
And scrolls of wordy lore.

XXI

"Thine, Roman, is the pilum: [4]
Roman, the sword is thine,
The even trench, the bristling mound,
The legion's ordered line:
And thine the wheels of triumph,
Which with their laureled train
Move slowly up the shouting streets
To Jove's eternal fane.

XXII

"Beneath thy yoke the Volscian
Shall veil his lofty brow:

Soft Capua's curled revelers
Before thy chairs shall bow:
The Lucumoes of Arnus [1]
Shall quake thy rods to see;
And the proud Samnite's heart of steel
Shall yield to only thee.

XXIII

"The Gaul shall come against thee [2]
From the land of snow and night:
Thou shalt give his fair-haired armies
To the raven and the kite.

XXIV

"The Greek shall come against thee,[3]
The conqueror of the East,
Beside him stalks to battle
The huge earth-shaking beast,[4]
The beast on whom the castle
With all its guards doth stand,
The beast who hath between his eyes
The serpent for a hand.
First march the bold Epirotes,
Wedged close with shield and spear;

And the ranks of false Tarentum [1]
Are glittering in the rear.

XXV

"The ranks of false Tarentum
Like hunted sheep shall fly:
In vain the bold Epirotes
Shall round their standards die:
And Apennine's gray vultures
Shall have a noble feast
On the fat and the eyes
Of the huge earth-shaking beast.

XXVI

"Hurrah! for the good weapons [2]
That keep the War-god's land.
Hurrah! for Rome's stout pilum
In a stout Roman hand.
Hurrah! for Rome's short broadsword,
That through the thick array
Of leveled spears and serried shields
Hews deep its gory way.

XXVII

"Hurrah! for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah! for the wan captives
That pass in endless file.
Ho! bold Epirotes, whither
Hath the Red King ta'en flight?[1]
Ho! dogs of false Tarentum,
Is not the gown washed white?

XXVIII

"Hurrah! for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah! for the rich dye of Tyre,[2]
And the fine web of Nile,
The helmets gay with plumage
Torn from the pheasant's wings,
The belts set thick with starry gems
That shone on Indian kings,
The urns of massy silver,
The goblets rough with gold,
The many-colored tablets bright
With loves and wars of old,

The stone that breathes and struggles,
The brass that seems to speak: —
Such cunning they who dwell on high
Have given unto the Greek.

XXIX

"Hurrah! for Manius Curius,
The bravest son of Rome,
Thrice in utmost need sent forth,
Thrice drawn in triumph home.[1]
Weave, weave, for Manius Curius
The third embroidered gown:
Make ready the third lofty car,
And twine the third green crown;
And yoke the steeds of Rosea
With necks like a bended bow,
And deck the bull, Mevania's bull,
The bull as white as snow.

XXX

"Blest and thrice blest the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day,
Who sees that long victorious pomp
Wind down the Sacred Way,[2]
And through the bellowing Forum,[3]

And round the Suppliant's Grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove.

XXXI

"Then where, o'er two bright havens,[1]
The towers of Corinth frown:
Where the gigantic King of Day[2]
On his own Rhodes looks down;
Where soft Orontes murmurs[3]
Beneath the laurel shades;
Where Nile reflects the endless length
Of dark-red colonnades;
Where in the still deep water,
Sheltered from waves and blasts,
Bristles the dusky forest
Of Byrsa's thousand masts;[4]
Where fur-clad hunters wander
Amidst the northern ice:
Where through the sand of morning-land
The camel bears the spice;
Where Altas flings his shadow[5]
Far o'er the western foam,
Shall be great fear on all who hear
The mighty name of Rome."

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

By Obadiah-Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron, Sergeant in Ireton's Regiment.

Oh! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,

That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses [1] shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced [2] hair,
And Astley,[3] and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General [4] rode along us to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes[1] of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks;
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:
Hark, hark! — What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.
Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar:[1]
And he — he turns, he flies: — shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure,
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,

The token of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches[1] and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down, down, forever down with the mitre[2] and the crown,
With the Belial[3] of the Court and the Mammon of the Pope;

There is woe in Oxford [1] halls: there is wail in
Durham's Stalls:
The Jesuit smites his bosom: the Bishop
rends his cope.[2]

And She of the seven hills[3] shall mourn her
children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of
England's sword;
And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder
when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for
the Houses [4] and the Word.

THE ARMADA

A FRAGMENT

ATTEND, all ye who list[1] to hear our noble
England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought
in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her
bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts
of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail
to Plymouth Bay;[2]
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond
Aurigny's isle,[3]
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving
many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van,[4] by God's
especial grace;

And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff[1] comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers;[2] before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space;
For there behoves[3] him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon[4] swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,

And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies [1] down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard [2] field,
Bohemia's plume,[3] and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt [4] in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM,[5] the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll [6] of gold:

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves:
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge,[1] the rangers of Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang
out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met
on Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth
into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill[1] the
streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-
like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal
city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the
answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her
reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed
loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent
back a louder cheer:
And from the furthest wards was heard the
rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed
down each roaring street;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath [1] the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill:
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's [2] rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's [3] crest of light,

Till broad and fierce the star came forth on
Ely's stately fane,[1]
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the
boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's[2] lordly terraces the sign to Lin-
coln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide
vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw[3] saw the fire that burned on
Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the
burghers of Carlisle.

IVRY

OR

THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom
all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege,[1] King Henry
of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music
and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny
vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle,[2] our own Rochelle, proud
city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourn-
ing daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in
our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought
thy walls annoy.

Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned
the chance of war,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of
Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at
the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in
long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel-
peers,
And Appenzel's [1] stout infantry, and Egmont's
Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine,[2] the
curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a trun-
cheon [3] in his hand:
And, as we looked on them, we thought of
Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's [4] hoary hair all dabbled
with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules
the fate of war,

To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"
"An if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme [1] to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.[1]
The fiery Duke[2] is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry[3] of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,[4] — upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.

D'Aumale [1] hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;[2]
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," [3] was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day:
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.

But we of the religion[1] have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny[2] has ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; Ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip,[3] send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,

That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy
poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that
your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve,[1] keep watch
and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God
hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the
valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all
glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry
of Navarre.

NOTES

HORATIUS

25, 1. Horatius Cocles: Literally Horatius the One-eyed.

2. **Polybius:** A celebrated Arcadian historian (B.C. 204-122).

3. **Consul or Prætor:** The Consuls, of whom there were two at a time, were the highest republican magistrates at Rome. The office was established immediately after the abolition of royalty, B.C. 509. The Prætor originally (B.C. 366) was equivalent to a Third Consul. He sometimes commanded the armies; and when the Consuls were absent with the armies, he exercised their powers within the city.

4. **Patricians:** The ruling class in Roman society, in contradistinction to the "plebeians," or common people. They exercised exclusive political power and enjoyed all the honors.

5. **Livy:** A Roman historian (B.C. 59-A.D. 17). His literary talents secured the patronage and friendship of the Emperor Augustus.

6. **Dionysius:** A celebrated rhetorician and historian, who about B.C. 29 went from Halicarnassus to Rome where he lived until his death, B.C. 7.

7. **Percy:** Harry Percy. Surnamed *Hotspur* on account of his fiery temper acquired great fame on account of his exploits in a skirmish with the Scots at Otterbourne (1388). It was on this battle that the ballad of *Chevy Chase* was based. The Percys aided Henry IV in his efforts to obtain possession of his kingdom, but afterward, quarreling with him, they joined their forces to those of the Scots under the Earl of Douglas and to the Welsh under Owen Glendower for the purpose of placing Mortimer on the throne.

A terrific battle was fought at Shrewsbury (1403), but the rebels were defeated and Percy slain.

26, 1. **Plebeian:** See note 4, page 25.

27, 1. **Niebuhr:** a Danish historian born in the latter half of the eighteenth century. He was an authority on Roman history.

2. **Martial:** A poet; born in Spain A.D. 43, came to Rome about A.D. 66.

3. **Silius Italicus:** (A.D. 25–100.) A Roman poet and Consul in 68, the year in which Nero perished.

39, 1. Cicero justly infers from this law that there had been early Latin poets whose works had been lost before his time.

40, 1. In the years of the city 260, 304, and 330.

2. In the year of the city 282.

49, 1. **Lars Porsena of Clusium:** *Lars* was an Etruscan title, answering to our *lord* or *chief*. It is scarcely necessary to warn the reader that the likeness of sound with the English *lord* is wholly accidental.

2. **By the Nine Gods he swore:** These gods were called by the Romans the Dei Novensiles, and were supposed by them to be the nine great Etruscan gods, who had the privilege of hurling thunderbolts. As it has not been found possible to make a list of so many as nine thundering deities, we may conclude that the Romans were led astray by the resemblance of sound with their numeral *novem*, nine, the word denoting simply the "heavenly lighteners." Taylor, *Etruscan Researches*.

3. **The Great House of Tarquin:** Tarquin Priscus (the Elder) and Tarquin Superbus (the Proud), respectively the fifth and seventh Kings of Rome.

4. **And named a trysting day:** Trysting day, a day of meeting according to previous agreement, or trust.

5. **When Porsena of Clusium:** The Etruscans wrote the name Porsenna; but the Latin poets sometimes abbreviated the second syllable.

50, 1. **Apennine:** The mountain range running north and south through Italy.

2. **Volaterræ:** One of the twelve cities of the Etruscan Confederation, and one of the five cities that, acting independently of the rest of Etruria, aided the Latins against Tarquinius Priscus. It was built on a lofty hill eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and so strongly fortified that not until after a siege of two years was it captured by Sulla in his war with Marius.

3. **Where scowls the far-famed hold:** The situation of the Etruscan towns is one of the most striking characteristics of Tuscan scenery. Many of them occupy surfaces of tableland surrounded by a series of gullies not visible from a distance. The traveler may be thus a whole day reaching a place which in the morning may have seemed to him but a little way off. Dennis, *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria.*

4. **Populonia:** The principal sea-port of Etruria.

5. **Pisæ:** An ancient and important town of Etruria.

51, 1. **Massilia:** Now Marseilles.

2. **Heavy with fair-haired slaves:** Massilia, the modern Marseilles, was a Greek colony from Phocæa (Phokaia) in Asia Minor. Among the articles of merchandise conveyed by their ships to Italian shores would be slaves obtained from the interior of Gaul.

3. **Cortona:** One of the twelve cities of Etruria. Founded by the Umbrians, it was captured by the Pelasgians, and afterwards fell into the hands of the Etruscans. The remains of the Pelasgic walls are some of the most remarkable in all Italy. A fragment still remaining shows it to have been made of blocks of enormous size.

4. **The great Volsinian mere:** Mere, literally, that which is dead; hence a sheet of stagnant water, as on swampy and fen lands.

52, 1. **Arretium:** Noted for its wine and corn.

2. **Vats of Luna:** Luna was celebrated for its wines.

3. **Must:** Unfermented grape juice.

4. **Round the white feet, etc.**: An allusion to the method of treading the grapes.

5. **There be thirty chosen prophets**: The Etruscan religion was a system of "Shamanism;" in other words, it sought to ascertain the will of the gods by the interpretation of outward signs, which might be furnished by the flight of birds, the direction of lightning, the entrails of victims, or in other ways. This system the Romans adopted from the Etruscans. Their seers were, therefore, strictly not prophets, but sorcerers. Taylor, *Etruscan Researches.*

6. **Traced from the right on linen white**: The Etruscan writing was from right to left. Writings on linen were called by the Romans *libri lintei.*

53, 1. **Royal Dome**: The royal residence of Porsena was at Clusium.

2. **Hang round Nurscia's altars**: Reference to the custom of depositing the arms of the vanquished in the temple.

3. **Tale**: Literally *count;* quota.

4. **Trysting day**: Appointed day.

54, 1. **Mamilius**: It was to Octavius Mamilius that Tarquin betrothed his daughter.

2. **From all the spacious champaign**: Champaign, plain, open country, as the Campagna of Rome; from the same root with the Latin *campus,* a plain.

55, 1. **Rock Tarpeian**: So called from Tarpeia, the daughter of the governor of the Roman citadel on the Saturnian, afterwards Capitoline, Hill. Tempted by the gold on the Sabine bracelets and collars, she opened the gate of the fortress to T. Tatius and the Sabines. As they entered, they threw their shields upon her and crushed her to death.

2. **The Fathers of the City**: This name here denotes the Roman Senate, which, according to the tradition, consisted, in the time of the kings, of 300 members.

56, 1. **Verbenna down to Ostia**: Ostia, the port at the mouth of the Tiber.

2. **Astur hath stormed Janiculum**: The Janiculan hill lies

on the right bank of the Tiber, precisely opposite to the Palatine hill on the left bank.

3. **I wis, in all the Senate:** I wis, adv., 'certainly.' From the same root we have the old English *witan* in Witenagemot, "the assembly of the wise."

4. **Forthwith up rose the Consul:** After the expulsion of the kings, the Roman patricians intrusted their political powers to two magistrates, chosen annually from the ruling class, and called Consuls or Colleagues.

58, 1. **Each warlike Lucumo:** By this name the Latin writers designated the Etruscan chiefs. Each of the twelve cities forming the Etruscan confederacy had its own Lucumo.

59, 1. **By reedy Thrasymene:** The shores of this lake witnessed the destruction of the Roman legions under Flaminius by the Carthaginians under Hannibal, in the second Punic war.

2. **False Sextus:** See note 3, page 89, *The Battle of Lake Regillus.*

3. **That wrought the deed of shame:** The tale of his wickedness, which caused, it is said, the death of Lucretia and the downfall of the kingly power in Rome, is referred to in the Lay on *The Battle of the Lake Regillus.*

61, 1. **And for the holy maidens:** The Vestal Virgins, who were bound to a life of celibacy during the term of their service as guardians of the sacred fire of Vesta on the common hearth of the city. The breach of their vow was punishable by death.

2. **A Ramnian proud was he:** The patricians, or ruling order in Rome, were divided, it is said, into three tribes, the Ramnes, Tities, and Luceres; but of the origin of these names little is known.

63, 1. **And the Tribunes beard the high:** The tribunes were officers representing the tribes of the Plebs or Commons, and existed probably from the first formation of that body. After the revolt of the Plebs, which followed soon after the expulsion of the kings, these magistrates were recognized

by the Patricians, were declared inviolable in their persons, and were invested with the absolute power of vetoing any measure of which they disapproved.

2. **And Fathers mixed with Commons**: The Roman government was at first wholly in the hands of the Patricians or Patres (fathers), a word which denoted originally nothing but despotic power. Under these the Commons, called Plebs, gradually secured to themselves, first personal freedom, and in course of time, after hard struggles, a share of political power.

3. **And loosed the props below**: The bridges by which Janiculus was connected with Rome was built of wood supported by props (*sublica*), and hence called Pons Sublicius.

64, 1. **Tifernum**: A town near the head of the Tiber.

65, 1. **Sicken in Ilva's mines**: Ilva is the modern Elba, the island in which Napoleon Bonaparte held his little court before the Hundred Days. It was well known for its iron mines.

2. **Pale waves of Nar**: The Nar was noted for its sulphurous waters and white color.

3. **The rover of the sea**: The Etruscans, like the Phœnicians, united the practices of piracy and kidnapping with those of legitimate commerce, and were dreaded generally along all the Mediterranean shores.

67, 1. **Quoth he, " The she-wolf's litter "**: The she-wolf, in the Roman tale, suckled Romulus and Remus, the twin children of Rhea Ilia, or Silvia.

75, 1. **And spent with changing blows**: Worn out with fighting or exchanging blows.

77, 1. **It stands in the Comitium**: The place of meeting for the thirty Curiæ, which made up the whole body of Roman patricians. It was included in the Forum.

78, 1. **And the good logs of Algidus**: A forest-clad hill lying to the north of the Alban lake, about twelve miles southeast of Rome.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS

80, 1. **Ho, lictors, clear the way:** The lictors were attendants of the partician magistrates, armed with rods and axes.

2. **From Castor in the Forum:** Castor and Mars are here used to denote the temples built in honor of these deities, just as we speak of St. Peter's at Rome.

3. **While flows the Yellow River:** The Tiber, from its yellow sands; hence called also the golden.

4. **While stands the Sacred Hill:** The Sacred Hill was an eminence beyond the river Anio. It was associated chiefly with the secession of the Plebs.

5. **The proud Ides of Quintilis:** The fifteenth day of July, which by the Romans, whose year began with March, was styled Quintilis, or the fifth month. The Ides divided each month into two equal or nearly equal portions.

6. **Gay are the Martian Kalends:** The first day of each month was known as the Kalends. On the first of March the sacred fire was solemnly rekindled on the hearth of the Temple of Vesta.

7. **December's Nones are gay:** The fifth day of December. The nones fell on the fifth or the seventh of each month, and were so called, possibly, as denoting a period of nine days before the Ides.

81, 1. **Shall be Rome's whitest day:** Days of good omen were marked with chalk; those of ill omen with charcoal.

2. **Unto the Great Twin Brethren:** These are the twin deities, Castor and Pollux. Of the many stories told of their origin, the most familiar is that which speaks of them as the brothers of Helen, and as sprung with her from a single egg. The name of the former was associated with skill in the management of horses, that of the latter with boxing. They are sometimes represented as coming to life alternately, according to the relation of day and night.

3. **They came o'er wild Parthenius:** These lines describe the course of the mysterious riders from their Eastern birth-

place. The Parthenian range is the eastern barrier of the Arkadian or central highlands of the Peloponnese.

4. **In lordly Lacedæmon:** The city of the Lacedæmonians was more commonly called Sparta. It consisted of four hamlets on the banks of the Eurotas which drained the valley of Taygetos.

5. **The City of two kings:** Nominally at the head of the Spartan state, were the two kings who belonged respectively to the houses of Eurysthenes and Prokles, the twin sons of Aristodemos, a descendant of the great hero Herakles.

82, 1. **And how the Lake Regillus:** Of this lake, which is said to have been in the neighborhood of Tusculum, not a trace is now to be found.

83, 1. **What time the Thirty Cities:** The Thirty Cities of the Latin Confederacy are supposed to have taken up the cause of the expelled Tarquins.

2. **Was Consul first in place:** See note 3, page 25.

84, 1. **The Herald of the Latines:** The Romans themselves belonged to the Latin race; but the destruction of Alba Longa, the religious center of the Latin league, marks the severance between them and their kinsfolk, whose supremacy was by that event destroyed forever.

2. **To bring the Tarquins home:** According to the story followed by Livy, the family of the Tarquins, which supplied two kings to Rome, was Greek.

85, 1. **"Now hearken, Conscript Fathers":** That all the members of the dominant class at Rome were called Patres or Patricians has been already mentioned (note 2, page 63). Those of the Patres who were chosen into the Senate, and had their names enrolled in the lists of members, were called Patres Conscripti. Ihne, *Early Rome*.

2. **Then choose we a Dictator:** According to the belief of Livy, the Dictator was an extraordinary magistrate, first appointed after the expulsion of the kings. Named by one of the Consuls, he was invested with supreme military power,

which he was bound to lay down at the end of six months at latest.

86, 1. **And axes twenty-four:** Each of the two Consuls was attended by twelve lictors, of whom each bore an axe (*securis*), bound up in a bundle of rods (*fasces*).

88, 1. **From where the Witch's Fortress:** Circeii, the supposed home of Circe, the daughter of the Sun, whose magic potions could convert men into swine.

2. **And shall himself be slain:** According to the story told by Pausanias, Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, on being raised from the dead by Æsculapius, crossed the sea and came to Aricia, where he dedicated a temple to Diana. The priest of this temple was to be a runaway slave who had conquered his opponent in single combat. Thus a slave who challenged the existing priest and slew him would himself at once become the priest, and remain so till he should himself be worsted by another.

89, 1. **By Syria's dark-browed daughters:** The weavers and purple-dyers of Tyre and the other Phœnician cities were famed throughout the ancient world.

2. **And by the sails of Carthage brought:** Carthage, the greatest of the Phœnician colonies on the northern coast of Africa, was destined to contest the empire of the world with Rome, and, in spite of the heroism of Hannibal, the first general of any land or age, to fail in the task.

3. **Their leader was false Sextus:** The reference here is to the deed of wickedness perpetrated by Sextus Tarquinius against Lucretia, wife of his kinsman, Tarquinius Collatinus. Lucretia slew herself in the presence of her family; and the crime became, according to the legend, the immediate cause of the downfall of the Roman monarchy.

92, 1. **And, like the Pomptine fog at morn:** The Pomptine marshes extended over the lowlands of Latium, lying between Antium and Terracina.

94, 1. **The Master of the Knights:** See note 2, page 85.

95, 1. **Upon proud Tarquin's head:** See note 3, page 49.

96, 1. **Of Rome's great Julian line**: The Julian house professed to draw its name from Julus or Iulus, son of Ascanius, and grandson of Æneas the Trojan, who was himself a son of Anchises and the goddess Aphrodité, called by the Latins Venus.

2. **High on the Velian hill**: The Velian hill was one of seven which belonged to a Rome said to be older than that of Romulus.

98, 1. **And none wist where he lay**: Wist, the preterite tense of the old English verb *wit*, 'to know.'

99, 1. **A Consular of Rome**: Roman citizens who had filled the office of Consuls formed the class of Consulars.

101, 1. **And there the Crest of Flame**: The gleaming crest of the Latin chief.

102, 1. **From Aufidus to Po**: These two rivers inclose between them the whole of Italy, from the center of the vast plain of Lombardy to the scantier space of open land round Cannæ, where the genius of Hannibal all but achieved the destruction of Roman power.

106, 1. **"The furies of thy brother"**: The Furies were goddesses who exacted vengeance for the shedding of blood.

107, 1. **That rode at his right hand**: See note 2, page 81.

108, 1. **Well Samothracia knows us**: Samothracia, one of the four northernmost islands of the Egean Sea.

2. **Cyrene knows us well**: Cyrene was the most splendid of the many Greek colonies on the northern coast of Africa.

3. **Our house in gay Tarentum**: Tarentum, in its Greek form, Taras, was one of the wealthiest cities belonging to that wonderful cluster of Greek colonies which won for the southern portion of the Italian peninsula the name of Great Greece.

4. **High o'er the masts of Syracuse**: The great Dorian city of Sicily on the eastern coast of the island.

5. **But by the proud Eurotas**: See note 4, page 81.

109, 1. **Charge for the hearth of Vesta**: See note 1, page 61.

2. **Charge for the Goiden Shield!** The golden shield of Mars,

which fell from heaven in the days of Numa Pompilius, the second of the legendary Roman kings.

110, 1. **Now, by our Sire Quirinus:** According to Livy, Quirinus was the name under which divine honors were paid to Romulus after his assumption into heaven. The notion cannot be traced much farther back than the time of the historian himself.

112, 1. **And Manlius, eldest of the Twelve:** Twelve Patricians, who formed an ecclesiastical corporation under the name of Salii, were chosen as guardians of the twelve Ancilia or sacred shields of Mars. Only one of these was genuine, and this one fell from heaven in the days of the peaceful and righteous king Numa; the other eleven were made precisely like it, to prevent the risk of its being lost by theft.

2. **And Sergius, the high Pontiff:** The Romans connected the name of Pontifex, or Pontiff, with the making of bridges (Pontes); but Pontifices are found in many places where there were no bridges to be built.

3. **In all Etruria's colleges:** The communities of Etruscan seers or sorcerers. See note 5, page 52.

113, 1. **Hail to the great Asylum!** The Asylum, according to Livy, was a place where Romulus, in order to get inhabitants for his new city, promised a sure refuge to vagabonds and knaves. The word is Greek, not Latin, and means an inviolable sanctuary. The notion which transferred the sacredness of the shrine to men who were forbidden to enter it was probably of late growth.

2. **Hail to the hill-tops seven!** The seven hills of Rome, commonly reckoned as the Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, Cœlian, Aventine, Palatine, and Capitoline hills. But the earlier Rome stood on another set of seven hills, known by the names Palatium, Velia, Cermalus, Cœlius, Fagutal, Oppius, and Cispius.

114, 1. **When they drew nigh to Vesta:** See note 1, page 61. The Latin Vesta is the same word as the Greek Hestia, and denoted the sacred hearth with its heaven-sent fire. Each

city, each tribe, each clan, each house, had its own inviolable hearth, and the flame which burned upon it was the symbol and pledge of kindliness and good faith, of law and order, of wealth and fair dealing. The goddess can scarcely be separated in thought from the fire and the hearth which were consecrated to her. It may safely be said that of no other deity was the worship so nearly an unmixed blessing.

115, 1. **To whom the Dorians pray:** The Dorians and Ionians were the two foremost branches of the Hellenic or Greek race. At the head of the former were the Spartans, at the head of the latter the Athenians.

116, 1. **To Mars without the wall:** See note 2, page 80.

VIRGINIA

117, 1. **Who stand by the bold Tribunes:** See note 1, page 63.

2. **Of fountains running wine:** The Homeric hymn to Dionysos (Bacchus) tells how the purple stream of wine ran along the decks of the ship on board of which the god was imprisoned.

3. **Of maids with snaky tresses:** These are the Furies and the Gorgons, of whom two were immortal; the third, Medusa, was mortal, and was slain by Perseus, who brought her head, with its snake-locks, to Athênê. The goddess placed it on her ægis.

4. **Or sailors turned to swine:** By the magic potions of Kirkê (Circe). See note 1, page 88.

118, 1. **When the wicked Ten bare sway:** The Decemvirs, who are said to have been appointed about the middle of the fifth century B.C., to carry out the legal reforms rendered necessary by the concessions made by the Patricians to the Plebs.

2. **Appius Claudius was the worst:** The Claudian gens or clan, one of the most illustrious in Rome, traced its origin to the mythical Sabine, Attus Clausus, the friend of Æneas.

They had now, according to the story, been in Rome for about half a century.

3. **Twelve axes waited on him:** Each of the Decemvirs was attended by the same number of lictors to which each Consul was entitled. See note 1, page 86.

119, 1. **When brave Licinius speaks:** Livy mentions a Licinius as one of the first Tribunes of the people. Another, Spurius Licinius, is by other historians called Icilius. Later on in the history than the time to which the Decemvirs belonged, some of the Licinii became prominent through their laws for dealing with the subject of debt.

2. **Such client still will be:** With reference to the Patrician or dominant class in the state, all members of the Plebs were clients bound to perform special services, in return for which they received protection from their masters or patrons, especially in the event of legal prosecutions. There was thus no distinct class of Plebeians who were not clients; but evil-minded Patricians would probably find no difficulty in gathering round themselves bodies of Plebeian retainers ready to do their will against their fellow-Plebeians.

120, 1. **And up the Sacred Street:** The Via Sacra, leading into the Forum.

2. **And found Lucrece:** See note 3, page 89.

3. **And all along the Forum:** The Roman Forum was built on some marshy or swampy ground between the Palatine and Capitoline hills. Tradition assigned its erection to Romulus and the Sabine Titus Tatius.

121, 1. **From all the roofs of the Seven Hills:** See note 2, page 113.

122, 1. **He crouched behind his patron's heels:** See note 2, page 119.

2. **And Hanno from the stately booth:** Hanno, it is scarcely necessary to say, would not be a Roman citizen, but a Carthaginian or Tyrian alien resident in Rome. His name appears again in that of Hannibal, which is a compound of Hanno with Baal, Bel, a lord.

123, 1. **Two augurs were borne forth that morn:** A name given to seers who drew omens from the flight of birds or from examining their intestines after sacrifice.

2. **For then there was no Tribune:** The reference is to the alleged suspension of the constitution and all its ordinary offices while the Decemvirs were engaged in the work of legal reformation.

124, 1. **No honest Sextius then:** Among the Tribunes of the people Livy mentions one Sextius, who proposed the sending of a colony to Bola.

2. **The young Icilius pressed:** According to the story, Virginia was betrothed to Icilius, who had filled the office of Plebeian Tribune.

3. **Be men to-day, Quirites:** The word Quirites may have some connection with the Patrician Curiæ; that it is closely connected with the name Quirinus is obvious.

125, 1. **For this did Servius give us laws:** Servius Tullius, the constitutional king, whose legislation associated all Roman citizens in their military capacity, came between Tarquinius Priscus and his son Tarquinius Superbus, to whom he owed his death.

2. **For this did those false sons:** The two sons of Brutus, the citizen who was elected Consul with Tarquinius Collatinus immediately after the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud, were beheaded by their father's order for conspiring to restore the tyrant to his power.

3. **For this did Scævola's right hand:** Q. Mucius Scævola having determined to murder Porsenna (see note 5, page 49), made his way into his camp, and there murdered his secretary by mistake. Learning his error, he thrust his hand into a brazier, to show how little he cared for torture, and then told the king that he had no less than 300 fellow-conspirators. Alarmed at the risks which he was running, the Etruscan chief proposed, it is said, to make peace with the Romans.

4. **Whitened the Sacred Hill:** The scene of the secession of

the Plebs, three miles from Rome. This secession preceded the recognition of the Tribunes as officers of the Roman state.

5. **They faced the Marcian fury:** The story related by Livy tells us that Caius Marcius, a young Patrician, called Coriolanus from having conquered the town of Corioli, was banished for contempt of the magistrates, and taking service with the Volscians, reduced the Romans to extremities, from which they were delivered only by the intercession of his mother and the Roman matrons. His exclamation on yielding to their prayer, was, it is said: "Mother, thou hast saved Rome, but ruined thy son!"

6. **They tamed the Fabian pride:** A reference to the troops of Cæso Fabius, who refused to storm the camp of the enemy, and so, by leaving the victory incomplete, deprived the general of his triumph.

7. **They drove the fiercest Quinctius:** L. Quinctius Cincinnatus, according to the story of Livy, was a violent opponent of the Plebeians, and was banished in consequence.

8. **They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home:** The reference is to a riot in which, about a hundred years before the time at which this lay is supposed to have been recited, the head of the Appian gens or clan had been roughly treated by the mob.

126, 1. **Still keep the holy fillets:** The fillet was worn by priests and priestesses; and priesthood was confined strictly to the Patrician class.

2. **Still keep the purple gown:** The trabea, a toga of purple and white, was worn by the Consuls and knights in public solemnities.

3. **The axes:** See note 1, page 86.

4. **The curule chair, the car, and laurel crown:** The Sella Curulis, or chair of state, had been strictly an emblem of royalty. After the expulsion of the kings, the right of using it was conferred on the chief Patrician magistrates. The car was used by the Consuls when triumphing as Roman gen-

erals over their enemies. At the same time they wore a wreath of garland of laurel.

5. **Still press us for your cohorts:** Every Roman legion was made up of ten cohorts; but as the number of men in a legion varied from time to time, that of the cohorts was also uncertain.

127, 1. **Let your foul usance:** One of the chief grievances against which the Plebeians struggled in their contests with the ruling class was the severity of the law of debt, which not only made repayment of loans difficult or impracticable, but left the person of the debtor at the mercy of the creditor, who might shut him up fettered in a private prison or dungeon, and even sell him into slavery. See note 2, page 119.

2. **From Consuls:** See note 4, page 56.

3. **And High Pontiffs:** See note 2, page 112.

4. **And ancient Alban kings:** The Latin kings of Alba Longa, whose rule came to an end, according to the story, with the destruction of the city by the orders of the third Roman king, Tullus Hostilius. See note 1, page 84.

128, 1. **Who in Corinthian mirrors:** The luxury of Corinth passed into proverbs, which spoke of it as beyond the reach of any except a favored few.

2. **And breathe the Capuan odors:** Capua was the great city of the rich Campanian plain, the pleasures of which are supposed to have been fatal to the efficiency of the army of Hannibal.

130, 1. **To see my civic crown:** The civic crown, composed of the leaves of three different sorts of oak, was bestowed upon a Roman soldier who had saved the life of another citizen in battle by slaying his opponent. It was originally conferred by the hands of the rescued man.

2. **And brought me forth my gown:** The toga was the distinctive dress of the Roman citizen, and thus the Romans were known as the *gens togata* or gown-wearing people. On reaching manhood, youths, who had thus far worn the *toga*

praetexta or purple-hemmed gown, put on the *toga virilis*, which was simply white.

136, 1. **Beyond the Pincian Hill:** This hill lies to the north of the Mons Quirinalis, and therefore was beyond the wall which bore the name of Servius Tullius.

137, 1. **Still Caius of Corioli:** See note 6, page 125.

The first syllable in Corioli must be pronounced long.

2. **Beneath the yoke of Furius:** The Furian gens or clan is supposed to have belonged originally to Tusculum. The most distinguished member of this gens was M. Furius Camillus, the deliverer of Rome from the Gauls.

138, 1. **A Cossus, like a wild cat:** Cossus was the cognomen or surname of a house belonging to the gens Cornelia. Somewhat later than the time of the Decemvirs, Servius Cornelius Cossus killed in battle Lars Tolumnius, the king of Veii, and won the *spolia opima*, which, it is said, were obtained by only two other Romans during the whole course of Roman history.

2. **A Fabius rushes like a boar:** The Fabian gens had always been noted for their bravery and public spirit. The almost total destruction of the clan at the Cremera by the Veientines was the most celebrated incident in the traditions of the family.

140, 1. **And the great Thunder-Cape:** The Acroceraunian promontory on the eastern or Greek coast of the Adriatic, facing Brentesion (now Brindisi), a region of thunder-fire, like the Phlegræan Plains at the base of Vesuvius.

THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS

141, 1. **Who spake the words of doom:** Doom to Rhea Ilia, or Sylvia, the daughter of Numitor, who had been cruelly treated by his brother Amulius, and to her twin children, the daughters of the war-god Mars.

143, 1. **The ravening she-wolf knew them:** See note 1, page 67.

2. Blithe it was to see the twins: Romulus and Remus. The two names are only varied forms of the same word.

145, 1. As Rhea's boys go by: See note 1, page 67.

146, 1. Hail! foster child of the wondrous nurse! The she-wolf.

2. Hail! son of the wondrous sire! The war-god Mars.

3. In the Tartessian mine: The reference is to mines in the region of Southern Spain, called by the Phœnicians Tarshish, in the Greek from Tartessos.

147, 1. Across the Libyan brine: The sea separating Libya, or northwestern Africa, from Europe.

2. Like Vesta's sacred fire: See not 1, page 61.

149, 1. Pomona loves the orchard: The Latin goddess of fruits.

2. And Liber loves the vine: Liber, *free*, an epithet of the wine-god Bacchus, as freeing men from their cares.

3. And Pales loves the straw-built shed: Pales, a rustic god, or goddess, whose name, like that of the Sicilian Palici, is akin probably to Pallas.

4. And Venus loves the whispers: Venus, the Latin goddess of beauty and love, answers to the Greek Aphroditê. According to the Roman tradition, she was the mother of Æneas, the progenitor of the Roman race.

150, 1. Leave to the sordid race of Tyre: Sordid, as busying themselves only with trade and commerce. See note 1, page 89.

2. Leave to the sons of Carthage: See note 2, page 89.

3. Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs: Statues of nymphs, the maidens with whom the imagination of the Greeks peopled the woods and waters, mountains and caves.

4. Thine, Roman, is the pilum: The Pilum was the long spear carried by the heavy-armed soldiers of the Roman legion, who were therefore called Pilani, those who stood before them being known as Antepilani.

151, 1. The Lucumoes of Arnus: See note 1, page 58.

2. The Gaul shall come against thee: The reference is to

the invasion of the Gauls under Brennus, and to their discomfiture by the Dictator, M. Furius Camillus.

3. **The Greek shall come against thee:** The Greek invader is Pyrrhus, king of Epeirus. See the Preface.

4. **The huge earth-shaking beast:** The elephant, with which the Romans now first became acquainted.

152, 1. **And the ranks of false Tarentum:** Tarentum was one of the chief cities of Great Greece, Magna Græcia. See note 3, page 108.

2. **Hurrah! for the good weapons:** The seer is here drawing a contrast between the weapons used by the Roman legionaries and those of the Greek phalanx.

153, 1. **Hath the Red King ta'en flight?** The word Pyrrhus means red, like the Latin Rufus.

2. **Hurrah! for the rich dye of Tyre:** See note 1, page 89.

154, 1. **Thrice drawn in triumph home:** The Dictator Manius Curius Dentatus defeated Pyrrhus in the battle of Beneventum, B.C. 274. See note 1, page 152.

2. **Wind down the Sacred Way:** See note 1, page 120.

3. **And through the bellowing Forum:** See note 3, page 120.

155, 1. **Then where, o'er two bright havens:** Situated on an isthmus of three miles in width, Corinth had a port on the Saronic as well as on the Corinthian or Crissæan Gulf.

2. **Where the gigantic King of Day:** The colossal statue of the sun, which was reckoned among the seven wonders of the world.

3. **Where soft Orontes murmurs:** The Syrian river on which was built the city of Antioch.

4. **Of Byrsa's thousand masts:** Byrsa, in Hebrew or Phœnician Bozra, the citadel of Carthage.

5. **Where Atlas flings his shadow:** The great mountain range of northwestern Africa, which was supposed to bear up the heavens, in the myth of Atlas.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

The Battle of Naseby was fought June 14, 1645, between the Royalists under Charles I and the parliamentary army under Fairfax and Cromwell. Cromwell and his followers wished, not merely to limit the monarchy, but to make England a commonwealth. The Battle of Naseby was a complete and decisive defeat for the Royalists, of whom nearly five thousand were taken prisoner. Charles I fled to Scotland, and in a few months the authority of Parliament was fully established over the whole kingdom.

157, 1. Cuirasses: Close-fitting armor covering the upper part of the body. The cuirassier (p. 159) was a mounted soldier who wore a cuirass.

2. **Essenced:** Perfumed.

3. **Astley, and Sir Marmaduke:** Royalist generals.—**Rupert of the Rhine:** Prince Rupert of the Palatinate, which lies along the Rhine, was a grandson of James I of England. During the fighting of 1642–45 he was the life and soul of the Royalist cause in England, and won many battles by his resistless charges. He was called "the Mad Cavalier."

4. **The General:** Oliver Cromwell was a vehement and enthusiastic supporter of Puritanism. When the Civil War broke out in 1642, he rapidly came into prominence. He organized his unconquerable Ironsides, a regiment of cavalry which was distinguished for rigid discipline, strict morality, and religious enthusiasm. This discipline and this enthusiasm were characteristic of the whole parliamentary army, which formed a striking contrast to the mercenaries and the showy, gallant squadrons of the king. Cromwell soon became the real leader of the parliamentary party, and after the civil wars were ended he, as Protector, held the supreme power in the government of England.

158, 1. Bravoes: Daring villains or bandits. **Whitehall:** A palace of the king in London, built in the thirteenth century.

Until 1530 it was the residence of the archbishops of York, and was called York House.

159, 1. **Temple Bar:** A famous stone gateway which stood, until 1878, before the Temple in London. The heads of executed traitors used to be exposed there.

160, 1. **Your catches:** A catch is a melody for three or more voices, and is sung as a "round" in which each singer catches up a part in turn.

2. **Mitre:** The official headdress of a bishop.

3. **Belial:** A worthless, wicked person. **Mammon:** The personification of riches and avarice.

161, 1. **Oxford:** This city was the Royalist headquarters in the Civil War and was captured by the Parliamentarians in 1646. **Durham's Stalls** refers to the cathedral at Durham, the stalls being the seats in the choir occupied by the officiating clergy.

2. **Cope:** A long, semi-circular cloak worn by ecclesiastics.

3. **She of the seven hills:** Rome. The original city was built on seven hills. See note 2, page 113.

4. **The Houses:** Parliament.

THE ARMADA

The name "Spanish Armada" is given to the great naval armament which Philip II of Spain fitted out in 1588 against Queen Elizabeth, with a view to conquering the kingdom of England. The fleet consisted of 160 ships of war, and carried 19,295 marines and 10,500 sailors and slaves. The fleet had scarcely quitted Lisbon when it was scattered by a storm and had to be refitted.

It then proceeded through the Channel to free the coast of Flanders from the blockade of the Dutch and English, with the intention of transporting a large land force to England. Advancing in the form of a half moon seven miles in extent, off Plymouth the Armada came in sight of the English fleet numbering scarcely eighty sail. Lord Howard, in command

of the English ships, with his lieutenants Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, endeavored to damage the vessels of the enemy by dexterous seamanship and the discharge of volleys of shot. Off Dunkirk the Armada was becalmed, and was thrown into such confusion by the arrival of eight fire-ships sent by the English admiral, that Lord Howard was enabled to attack it on several sides. Notwithstanding a brave resistance, many of the Spanish vessels were destroyed or fell into the hands of the English and Dutch, and in consequence their commander resolved to abandon the enterprise.

As a strong south wind opposed his passage through the Channel, the Spanish commander conceived the idea of returning to Spain by a voyage around the north of Great Britain. Lord Howard pursued the enemy, but had to run into an English port for supplies, thus narrowly escaping a hurricane which broke forth with tremendous violence. The storm caught the already dispirited Spaniards, and scattered their ships in all directions. Some went down on the cliffs of Norway, others in the open sea, others on the Scottish coast. About thirty vessels reached the Atlantic Ocean, and several of these were driven by a west wind on the coast of Ireland and wrecked. In all, the Armada is said to have lost in the open sea 72 large vessels, exclusive of smaller craft, and 10,185 men. Every family of distinction in Spain had to mourn the loss of one or more of its members.

To commemorate the destruction of the Armada, Elizabeth caused medals to be struck with the motto *Afflavit Deus et dissipantur.*

162, 1. **List:** Have pleasure in, or desire.

2. **Plymouth Bay,** or Plymouth Sound, is famous as a magnificent roadstead, and as a station of the British navy.

3. **Aurigny:** Alderney, one of the Channel Isles.

4. **Van:** The fore part of an army or a fleet.

163, 1. **Sheriff:** The governor of a shire. An officer in each county, to whom is entrusted the administration of the laws.

2. **Halberdiers:** A halberdier is a man armed with a halberd,

a military weapon consisting of a long pole ending with an axe and dagger.

3. **Behoves:** Necessary for, it is meet for. More frequently spelled *behooves*.

4. **Blazon:** Coat of arms.

164, 1. **Lilies:** The royal coat of arms of France long consisted of three golden lilies on a blue ground. Formerly lilies appeared also in the royal arms of England, in allusion to the territories which the English sovereigns once held in France. On the English coat of arms the crowned lion is represented with the lilies under his paw.

2. **Picard:** Picardy, one of the old provinces in the north of France. The battlefield referred to is that of Crecy, where in 1346 the troops of Edward III of England gained a great victory over a large French army under Philip of Valois.

3. **Bohemia's plume:** The spot is still pointed out where, according to Crecy tradition, the King of Bohemia is said to have fallen. His badge of three ostrich feathers and his motto, *Ich dien* (I serve), were said to have been taken from him and assumed by the Black Prince. **Genoa's bow:** At the Battle of Crecy, the Genoese crossbowmen harassed the English sorely, but the British archers who "shot so well together" forced them to give way. **Cæsar's eagle shield:** The eagle was the emblem of the Roman empire, and was afterward borne by the emperors of Germany and others. It was the badge of Charles, the son of John, King of Bohemia, who was at Crecy with his father.

4. **Agincourt:** A village in the north of France. It was near this village that the English under Henry V totally defeated a superior French force (1415).

5. **Semper eadem:** Always the same. The Latin motto of Queen Elizabeth.

6. **Scroll:** The strip, or band, which carries the motto on a coat of arms.

165, 1. **Stonehenge:** The place on Salisbury Plain where many gigantic stones stand upright so as to form a so-called

Druidic temple. **Rangers**: A term applied especially to officers in a royal forest or park who have to watch the deer and look after trespassers.

166, 1. **Richmond Hill**: Richmond, a town in Surrey, on the Thames, is about ten miles southwest of London. The hill commands one of the finest prospects in the vicinity of London.

167, 1. **Blackheath**: An open common adjoining Greenwich Park, about five miles southeast of London. The heath was the scene of several insurrectionary movements, including those of Wat Tyler (1381) and Jack Cade (1450). **Errand**: A communication to be made to some person, usually at some distance.

2. **Derwent**: A river of Derbyshire, which rises in the High Peak, near the northern extremity of the county.

3. **Wrekin**: A craggy mountain, near Wellington. It has an altitude of 1320 feet, and looms up conspicuously in a wide stretch of landscape.

168, 1. **Fane**: A place of worship; here applied to Ely Cathedral.

2. **Belvoir** (*bee'ver*): Belvoir Castle in the county of Leicester is the home of the Duke of Rutland, and one of the most magnificent structures in England. It stands on an isolated hill, and commands a view of thirty miles.

3. **Skiddaw**: A mountain near the center of Cumberland, 3022 feet in height. **Gaunt's embattled pile**: Lancaster Castle, which was restored, enlarged, and beautified by John of Gaunt. It was renovated again in the time of Elizabeth, and was then first used as a fortress against the threatened invasion of Philip II.

IVRY

Ivry is a town in France, celebrated for the decisive victory gained by Henry IV of France, at the head of the Protestant party, over the Duke of Mayenne, at the head of the League (the Roman Catholic party), in 1590.

169, 1. **Liege**: Originally, a vassal who is bound to perform

certain services and duties for his lord. It also means, as in the text, a lord or sovereign who has lieges. **King Henry of Navarre:** Henry IV of France. One of the memorable events connected with his reign is the issuing of the famous edict of Nantes in 1598, by which the Protestants secured the free exercise of their religion. Navarre was formerly a separate kingdom, but is now a mountainous province of Spain bordering on the Pyrenees. Henry IV, before his accession to the French crown, was King of Navarre, but most of Navarre had already been incorporated in the Spanish monarchy when Henry became King of France. Down to the revolution of 1830 the kings of France continued to bear the title of King of Navarre.

2. **Rochelle:** A fortified seaport on the west coast of France. The Huguenots who escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew fled into the mountains and to Rochelle, which was long a stronghold of the Protestants.

170, 1. **Appenzel:** A town and canton in the northeast of Switzerland. **Egmont:** Son of the celebrated Count Egmont, who distinguished himself as a general of cavalry under Philip II. The Egmont of this poem was killed by a pistol shot at Ivry.

2. **Lorraine:** Charles III, Duke of Lorraine, was brought up in the court of Henry II of France, and married the king's daughter. On the assassination of Henry III (1589), he became a pretender to the throne of France; but when Henry of Navarre came to the crown, Lorraine sought to dismember the kingdom and joined the forces of the League; hence the epithet "false."

3. **Truncheon:** A baton, used by kings and great officers as a mark of command.

4. **Coligni** (or Coligny): Admiral of France. He was at the head of the Huguenots in their wars against the Catholics. In 1572, as he was leaving the Louvre, he was wounded by a shot fired from a window. The same evening, while sitting in an easy chair in his own house, he was stabbed several times and thrown out of the window. "Young man," said he to his

assassin, "gray hairs ought to command thy respect; but do as thou pleasest, thou canst shorten my life but a few days."

171, 1. **Oriflamme:** The ancient royal standard of France, consisting of a little banner of red silk with many points streaming like flames, borne on a gilt staff. Fr. *oriflamme*. Lat. *aurum*, gold; *flamma*, a flame.

172. 1. **Culverin:** A long slender piece of ordnance.

2. **Fiery Duke:** The Duke of Mayenne.

3. **Chivalry:** Here used in its original sense of cavalry, i. e. horse-soldiers. **Guelders** (Geldern): A town of Rhenish Prussia. **Almayne:** Germany (Fr. *Allemagne*).

4. **Golden lilies:** See note 1, page 164.

173, 1. **D'Aumale:** A chevalier on the side of the Duke of Mayenne. **Quarter:** In military affairs, *quarter* means the sparing of the life of a captive when in one's power, as in the phrases to "give no quarter," to "beg for quarter," and the like.

2. **Biscay gale:** The storms and high seas of the Bay of Biscay are proverbial.

3. **St. Bartholomew:** The slaughter of the Huguenots in France began on St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24, 1572, in the reign of Charles IX. The massacre continued for thirty days, in almost all the provinces, and the victims were calculated at thirty thousand.

174, 1. **Of the religion:** Protestant (Huguenot).

2. **Lord of Rosny:** A nobleman who fought on the side of Henry IV. **Cornet:** The flag or standard borne by a cornet, that is, an officer of cavalry carrying the ensigns or colors of a troop. The word has been derived from *coronet*, which, it is said, such officers formerly wore. In the Battle of Ivry, all the standards of the League fell into the power of the small Royalist party, even down to the white cornet of Mayenne, sprinkled with black fleurs de lis, and to the red standard of Count Egmont.

3. **Philip:** Philip II of Spain, who supported the League, was one of the most important personages in modern Euro-

pean history. He was the son of the renowned Charles V. He married Queen Mary, and resided in England about a year. **Pistoles:** A pistole is a gold coin of Spain, worth about four dollars.

175, 1. **Saint Genevieve:** The patron saint of Paris. She was born about the year 420, in the village of Nanterre, near Paris. Her parents were poor, and Genevieve had to watch the flocks. She has always been regarded by the peasantry of France as the shepherdess of Nanterre. In the text, "Saint Genevieve" is equivalent to "Paris."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR STUDY

MACAULAY'S INTRODUCTION

1. Explain why the early history of Rome is merely legendary.
2. Explain how the long sentence beginning "The loves of the Vestal" (p. 9, l. 12) is kept a unit.
3. What was the character of that literature which Macaulay regarded as "truly Latin"?
4. Of what value does he consider the poet to be in a less civilized nation?
5. How did ballad poetry originate?
6. How does Macaulay explain the decay of ballad poetry?
7. What evidence has he that the Latins had a ballad poetry? Why did it decay?
8. How were the Latin ballads transformed into history?
9. Whom does Macaulay pretend to be in these ballads?

HORATIUS

1. What meter is used?
2. Explain what is meant by "feminine ending" in poetry. Select examples in Stanzas I and II.
3. How is the setting of the story given?
4. How are Stanzas III–V united?
5. How does Macaulay emphasize the complete obedience of the fighting men to Lars Porsena's command?
6. Why was Lars Porsena so ready to adopt the Tarquins' cause?
7. How does the poet make emphatic the terror at Rome?
8. What effect is produced on the crowd by the sight of Sextus? What twofold reason is there for this?

9. What is Horatius' idea of the best use a man can make of his life?
10. What is the purpose of Stanzas XXXII–XXXIII?
11. Compare the account of the defense of the bridge by "the dauntless Three" with the story of Leonidas and the three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ.
12. What simile does the poet use to make vivid the effect of the death of Astur, to show why the other warriors hesitated to attack?
13. What is shown of the character of Sextus by his action?
14. What difference is brought out between Sextus and Lars Porsena?
15. What is gained by the use of the historical present in Stanza LXIV?
16. How are the last three stanzas united?
17. Criticize the poem *a*. As a ballad; *b*. As a narrative; *c*. As a vivid picture of a scene in history.
18. Characterize *a*. Horatius; *b*. Sextus; *c*. Lars Porsena, by deed, word, and comments of others.
19. Select passages worth remembering and give reasons for your selections.

BATTLE OF LAKE REGILLUS

1. Describe the historical setting of the poem.
2. From Gayley's *Classic Myths* give an account of Castor and Pollux.
3. How was the Roman calendar divided?
4. Why is so much description given of the present condition of "the place of slaughter" in Stanza III?
5. What was the office of a herald, and why was his person held sacred?
6. Explain the Consul's reply to the herald. Why is it called "a bitter jest"?
7. Explain the following titles as used by the Romans: Consul, Tribune, Dictator, Knights, Patricians, Plebeians, Conscript Fathers.

8. What punishment is Sextus already suffering?
9. Describe the armor of a Roman soldier; the divisions of the army; and the manner of attack.
10. What characters here have already appeared in the story of Horatius?
11. Give an account of the fight over the body of Tarquin. Over that of Valerius.
12. Describe the duel between Herminius and Manilius.
13. Describe the two horses that figure in this fight, and tell their part.
14. What similes does the poet use to make vivid the picture of the rout?
15. How did the people at Rome learn of the victory?
16. How did Rome show her gratitude to the Great Twin Brethren?
17. Compare this poem with "Horatius" as a ballad; as a narrative. Which do you prefer? Why?

VIRGINIA

1. Who were the Decemvirs? Why were they appointed? How did they abuse their power?
2. What is the meter? Compare with the two poems preceding.
3. How does the speaker make his story vivid?
4. What is the point of line 4?
5. What was a "client" among the Romans? How is the term used to-day?
6. How is the character of this client shown?
7. What simile is used to describe the appearance of Virginia?
8. What was the forum? Describe it as it forms the background for the tragedy.
9. What plan has Marcus to get possession of Virginia?
10. Why was the office of tribune established? What were its powers and duties?
11. How does Icilius try to save Virginia?
12. What does he show in his speech of the justice of the name, "the wicked Ten"?

13. Why does Virginius choose death for his daughter?
14. What change does her death produce in the crowd?
15. What characteristic of Claudius is brought out, and how?
16. What is the point of the last two lines?
17. Comment on *a*. Vividness of scenes pictured; *b*. Absence of unnecessary detail; *c*. Portrayal of character.

PROPHECY OF CAPYS

1. Tell the story of Romulus and Remus.
2. Scan Stanza IV. What irregularities are there as compared with other stanzas? What is gained by the change in meter?
3. Why did the twins seek vengeance?
4. What desire does Capys seek to arouse in Romulus?
5. How had the prophecy been fulfilled at the time the poem is supposed to be sung? What victories of Rome does the poem celebrate?
6. How is the martial spirit secured?
7. How did a victorious general of Rome celebrate his victory?
8. How is Stanza XXXI kept a unit? What kind of sentence is it — periodic, loose, or balanced?
9. Comment on the poem as *a*. A fit poem to celebrate a great victory; *b*. A picture of Roman power.

10. Comment on:
    a. Macaulay's power to portray character.
    b. His power to paint vivid scenes.
    c. His power to tell a graphic story.
    d. His use of figures of speech.
    e. His use of stirring meters.

Aebutius Alva: e bu′ shius al′va
Algidus: al je′ dus
Anio: a′ nē ō
Anxur: ang′ zŭr
Aricia: a rē′ cha
Arretium: ar rē′ shi um
Amulius: a mū′ li us
Aurigny: ō rē nyē′
Auser: au′ ser

Beaulieu: bō lē ė′
Belial: bē′ lial

Caius Cossus: kā′ yus kos′ sus
Caius Licinius Calvus Stolo: kā′ yus lī sin′ i us kal′ vus sto′ lo
Calabrian: ka lā′ bri an
Camerium: ka me′ ri um
Camers: ka′ mers
Capuan: kap′ ū an
Capys: ka′ pys
Cilnius: cil′ ni us
Ciminian: ci min′ i an
Clanis: kla′ nis
Clitumnus: kli tum′ nus
Clusium: klö′ shium
Coligny: ko lēn yē′
Comitium: ķö mish′ ium

Corioli: kō rī′ ō lī
Crustumerian: krus tū mē′ ri an

D'Aumale: d'ō mal′
Digentian: di jen′ shi an

Epirotes: ē pī ro′ tes

Falerii: fa lē′ ri ī
Ferentinum: fā ren′ tē num
Fidenae: fi dē′ nē

Guelders: gel′ ders

Herminius: her min′ i us

Icilius: i sil′ i us

Janiculum: ja nik′ ū lum

Lacedaemon: las ē dē′ mon
Lanuvium: la no′ vi um
Lars Porsena: lars por se′ na
Laurentian: lâ ren′ shi an
Lausulus : lâ′ su lus
Libyan: lib′ yan
Lucius Sextius Sextinus Lateranus: lū′ shius seks′ ti us seks te′ nus la ter a′ nus
Lucumo: lu ku′ mo

Manius Curius: ma′ ni us ku′ ri us
Mayenne: mī en′
Metius: me′ ti us
Mevania: me va′ ni a
Muraena: mu re′ na

Nequinum: ne kwe′ num
Nurscia: nur′ cha

Parthenius: par thē′ ni us
Pincian: pin′ shi an
Pomptine: pomp′ tine
Populonia: po pu lo′ ni a
Porcian: pōr′ shian
Posthumian: pos tū′ mi an

Quinctius: kwinc′ tius
Quirites: kwi rī′ tēz

Ramnian: ram′ ni an
Regillus: re jil′ us

Samothracia: sam ō thrā′ shia
Scævola: sev′ ō la
Seita: se i′ ta
Seius: se′ yus
Sempronius Atratinus: sem prō′ ni us a tra tē′ nus
Soracte: sō rak′ tē
Spurius Lartius: spu′ ri us lar′ shius
Sutrium: su′ trē um

Tarpeian: tar pē′ yan
Tartessian: tar tesh′ ian
Thrasymene: thras i mē′ nē
Tifernum: ti fer′ num
Tolumnius: tol um′ ni us

Velitræ: vel lī′ trē
Volaterræ: vol a ter′ rē
Volsinian: vol sin′ i an

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Merrill's English Texts

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

BY

MATTHEW ARNOLD

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY JULIAN W. ABERNETHY, PH.D., PRINCIPAL OF THE BERKELEY INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN, AND AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN LITERATURE"

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INTRODUCTION

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Matthew Arnold was the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the celebrated head-master of Rugby School. He was born December 24, 1822, at Laleham, near Staines. In 1836 he entered Winchester School, but was removed the following year to Rugby, where he completed his preparation for the university. He maintained a high position in the school, presenting in 1840 a prize poem, and winning the same year a scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford. During his first year at the university he obtained the Hertford Scholarship, for proficiency in Latin, and later won the Newdigate Prize for English Poetry, with a poem entitled "Cromwell." He graduated with honors, and in 1845 was elected Fellow of Oriel College, just thirty years after the election of his father to the same honor. Among his colleagues here were R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's, John Earle, Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford, and the poet A. H. Clough. His intimacy with Clough grew into the closest friendship, which received its final seal in the tender and noble lines of *Thyrsis*, an elegy that for exalted beauty must be placed with Milton's *Lycidas* and Shelley's *Adonais*.

Of his life at Oxford one who knew him in those days says: "His perfect self-possession, the sallies of his ready wit, the humorous turn which he could give to any subject that he handled, his gayety, exuberance, versatility, audacity, and unfailing command of words, made him

one of the most popular and successful undergraduates that Oxford has ever known." Oxford, as the home of his intellectual life, was always dear to him, that "beautiful city, so venerable, so lovely!" who, "by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us near to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection." During his residence the university was still under the influence of the famous Tractarian Movement, which did so much to purify English religious thought. The leaders of the movement were Fellows of Oriel, and the year in which Mr. Arnold became Fellow of this college was the year in which Dr. Newman seceded to Rome. The influence of these events may be traced in all his writing and thinking; in apparent contradiction of his radical and analytical habit of thought, he maintained through life a conservative admiration for the Established Church.

From 1847 to 1851 Mr. Arnold acted as private secretary to the late Lord Lansdowne. He married in 1851, and the same year was appointed Lay Inspector of Schools, a position which he held with honor for nearly thirty-five years. Twice he was sent abroad by the government to study the school-systems of the Continent, and his various reports are among the most valuable contributions to educational literature. He labored zealously until the end of his life for the reform of the English public schools, aiming especially at the elevation of middle-class education, to the defects of which he traced the greater part of the moral, social, and political faults of English civilization. To organize middle-class education as well as it is organized in France and Germany was, to his mind, the "one thing necessary" for expelling the "Philistines" and regenerating English society.

Mr. Arnold's first appearance in literature was as a poet, with the now famous little volume of 1848, entitled *The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems, by A.* In 1853 *Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems* appeared, and soon

after he published in his own name a volume of selections from the two preceding volumes, including a few new poems. The impression produced by his poetry was such that in 1857 he was elected to the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, a position which he held for two terms, a period of ten years, at the end of which there was general regret that the limitation of the statutes did not permit a third term. During this period *Merope*, a tragedy after the Greek manner, was published, followed by the celebrated *Lectures on Translating Homer*, and, in 1865, by the epoch-making volume of *Essays in Criticism*. This book was a revelation in literature. By it criticism was endowed with a new function; it was elevated to the dignity of a creative art; even poetry was made a "criticism of life." The author defined the new criticism to be "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world," and his whole literary work was an illustration of the definition. Such a form of criticism was far removed from the militant omniscience of the Edinburgh critics, as also from the tea-table civility of the Lamb and Leigh Hunt school. The lesson of this volume was that criticism must be broadened and humanized, that it must be sympathetic, tempered with "sweet reasonableness," and, above all, truthful, endeavoring with sincerity to "see things as in themselves they are." With these essays a new era in critical writing began. England now had her own Sainte-Beuve.

With this view of the true function of criticism it is not strange, perhaps, that Mr. Arnold's attention was often withdrawn from literature and devoted to social and religious questions. In 1870 appeared *Culture and Anarchy*, an essay in political and social criticism, presenting a good illustration of the logical force of that peculiar literary style which in his hands was always an instrument of marvelous delicacy and power. His theo-

logical criticism is contained in *St. Paul and Protestantism*, published in 1871; *Literature and Dogma*, 1873; *God and the Bible*, 1875; and *Last Essays on Church and Religion*, 1877. These books aroused bitter controversy. His earnest effort to rescue the essential elements of the Christian religion from the destruction threatened by dogmatic theology in the one direction and materialistic science in the other was regarded by many as an attack upon Christianity itself.

Mr. Arnold's other published works are: *The Study of Celtic Literature*, 1868; *Friendship's Garland*, 1871; *Mixed Essays* and *Irish Essays*, 1882; *Discourses in America*, 1885; *Complete Poems*, 1876; a volume of *Selected Poems* in the Golden Treasury Series, and a posthumous volume, *Essays in Criticism, Second Series*. A mere enumeration of his books shows the breadth and versatility of his mind. He was poet, essayist, theologian, critic, philosopher; yet a remarkable singleness of purpose runs through all his work. Whatever the topic, the real theme is culture, in its highest sense, — the refinement and harmonious development of the intellect and the soul. His writing is a constant appeal to the ideal in human nature, an insistence upon the moral and spiritual aspects of life in contrast with the vulgar material aspects. As a prose stylist he is one of the great masters. As a poet only two, or three at most, of his contemporaries should be named before him. His poetry is a splendid embodiment of the profoundest thought and feeling of the period, especially of the struggle through which all sensitive souls are passing in the recoil before the "hopeless tangle of this age."

The death of Matthew Arnold occurred suddenly, April 15, 1888, bringing a painful shock to the thousands who had long been accustomed to regard him as a leader and teacher. "Not only the world of literature, but the infinitely larger world of unexpressed thought and feeling

and unembodied imagination, is sensibly the poorer for his loss." His special mission was, as Mr. Stedman expresses it, "that of spiritualizing what he deemed an era of unparalleled materialism." His most earnest desire was to warn all, as he warned his *Scholar-Gypsy*, to fly from

> "This strange disease of modern life,
> With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
> Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts."

And although his words of warning have often been "on men's impious uproar hurled," they have left a deep and permanent impress upon the finer consciousness of the age.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ARNOLD AS A POET

"He is a maker of such exquisite and thoughtful verse that it is hard sometimes to question his title to be considered a genuine poet. On the other hand, it is likely that the very grace and culture and thoughtfulness of his style inspire in many the first doubt of his claim to the name of poet. Where the art is evident and elaborate, we are all too apt to assume that it is all art and not genius. Mr. Arnold is a sort of miniature Goethe; we do not know that his most ardent admirers could demand a higher praise for him, while it is probable that the description will suggest exactly the intellectual peculiarities which lead so many to deny him a place with the really inspired singers of his day." — McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times.*

"Mr. Arnold belongs to the classical school of poetry, regarding the Greeks, with their strength and simplicity of phrase and their perfect sense of form, as his masters.

To the imaginative power of a true poet he adds a delicacy and refinement of taste and a purity and severity of phrase which uncultivated readers often mistake for boldness. Nowhere in his poems do we find those hackneyed commonplaces, decked out with gaudy and ungraceful ornament, which pass for poetry with many people. His fault rather is that he is too exclusively the poet of culture. Many of his verses will always seem flat and insipid to those who have not received a classical education; while, on the other hand, students of Greek literature will be disposed to praise certain of his pieces more highly than their intrinsic merit demands. Yet it may be doubted whether some of his work as a poet will not stand the ordeal of time better than that of any contemporary poet, Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning excepted. There are few poems which show such a refined sense of beauty, such dignity and self-restraint, such admirable adaptation of the form to the subject, as Mr. Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Tristram and Iseult*, and the *Forsaken Merman*." — NICOLL'S *Landmarks of English Literature*.

"His shorter meters, used as the framework of songs and lyrics, rarely are successful; but through youthful familiarity with the Greek choruses he has caught something of their irregular beauty. *The Strayed Reveler* has much of this unfettered charm. Arnold is restricted in the range of his affections; but that he is one of those who can love very loyally the few with whom they do enter into sympathy, through consonance of traits or experiences, is shown in the emotional poems entitled *Faded Leaves* and *Indifference*, and in later pieces, which display more fluency, *Calais Sands* and *Dover Beach*. A prosaic manner injures many of his lyrics; at least he does not seem clearly to distinguish between the functions of poetry and of prose. He is more at ease in long,

stately, swelling measures, whose graver movement accords with a serious and elevated purpose. Judged as works of art, *Sohrab and Rustum* and *Balder Dead* really are majestic poems. Their blank verse, while independent of Tennyson's, is the result, like that of the *Mort d'Arthur*, of its author's Homeric studies; is somewhat too slow in *Balder Dead*, and fails of the antique simplicity, but is terse, elegant, and always in 'the grand manner.' Upon the whole this is a remarkable production; it stands at the front of all experiments in a field remote as the northern heavens and almost as glacial and clear. . . . *Sohrab and Rustum* is a still finer poem, because more human and more complete in itself. The verse is not so devoid of epic swiftness. The powerful conception of the relations between the two chieftains and the slaying of the son by the father are tragical and heroic." — STEDMAN'S *Victorian Poets.*

THE STORY OF SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

THE material for Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum* was taken from the great Persian epic, the *Shah-Namah*, or *Book of Kings*. Firdusi, the author of this celebrated poem, whose real name was Abu'l Casim Mansur, was born about the year 941 A.D. He was learned in all the wisdom of the Persian and Arabic literatures, and was chosen by Mahmud, the sultan of Ghaznin, after a competition with seven other poets, to convert the ancient legends of Persia into a connected poem. At one of the meetings of the court poets he was so successful with an improvised verse that the sultan bestowed upon him the name Firdusi (*Firdus*, paradise), saying: "Thou hast made my court a paradise."

Firdusi labored upon his royal task for thirty years, and wrote sixty thousand verses; for each verse he was to receive a gold piece from the sultan, and it was his

purpose to devote the whole sum to the building of a dike for his native town of Tus. But there were rivals and enemies at court, and instead of the sixty thousand pieces of gold that had been promised, the sultan was persuaded to send him sixty thousand pieces of silver. With righteous indignation Firdusi rejected the gift, sent back a proud message of scorn, wrote a scathing satire against the sultan, and then fled from his dominions. He

> "Who loved the ancient kings, and learned to see
> Their buried shapes in vision one by one,
> And wove their deeds in lovely minstrelsy,
> For all the glory that his name had won
> To Persia, as in exile by the sea."

At length, after many years of wandering, he returned to his native town, a decrepit old man. Time and the entreaties of friends had appeased the sultan's anger, and he sought to make amends for the wrong done to the noble poet. The promised gold he now sent to him, with a robe of honor and a message of welcome and good-will. But it was too late: while the camels were bearing the treasure in at one gate of the town, the body of Firdusi was borne out at another. But the great stone dike for the river of Tus was built with the gold, as a monument to the poet's memory.

The *Shah-Namah* is the national epic of Persia, as the *Iliad* is of Greece, the *Nibelungenlied* of Germany, and the *Cid* of Spain. Rustum is a hero like Hercules, Achilles, and Siegfrid. The finest episode of the poem is the story of the fatal contest between Rustum and his son. Some of the details of the narrative were changed by Arnold in order to bring it within the requirements of modern poetic art. The original story runs thus:

Rustum was hunting near the borders of Turan, and while he was sleeping, his faithful horse, Ruksh, was stolen by certain young men of Turan. At this Rustum

was sorely troubled. He followed the hoof-prints to the neighboring city of Samengan, and in great wrath demanded of the king of that city that his steed be restored to him, and he vowed that if Ruksh were not restored, many of the sons of Turan should pay for him with their heads. The king calmed his anger with gracious promises of assistance, and conducted him to his palace. And there Rustum was entertained by the beautiful princess Tahmineh, who was already in love with him for his great deeds of heroism of which she had heard much, and who had connived at the stealing of Ruksh in order that she might bring him thither. The conclusion of this adventure was a royal wedding at the court of Samengan. But the wild spirit of Rustum could not be confined at court, and having recovered his horse Ruksh, he departed. At parting he gave to his young bride an amulet of onyx, saying: "Cherish this jewel, and if Heaven cause thee to give birth unto a daughter, fasten it within her locks, and it will shield her from evil; but if it be granted unto thee to bring forth a son, fasten it upon his arm, that he may wear it like his father."

A remarkable son was born and he was called Sohrab; but Tahmineh sent word to Rustum that the child was a girl, for she feared that he would take the boy from her; wherefore Rustum gave no heed to his child. When Sohrab had grown to great strength and courage he demanded the name of his father, and upon learning that the far-famed Rustum was his father he resolved to find him. His mother would have him keep his lofty parentage a secret, for King Afrasiab was the enemy of Rustum, but he boldly proclaimed his birth and his purpose to conquer the kingdom of Iran and place his father upon the throne. And he had also a secret purpose, which was to return with Rustum and conquer the kingdom of Turan for himself.

Now King Afrasiab was much pleased with the young hero, for his heart was at once filled with a crafty purpose. He prepared an army for Sohrab, and called the leaders to him secretly, and said: "Into our hands hath it been given to settle the course of the world. For it is known unto me that Sohrab is sprung from Rustum the Pehliva, but from Rustum must it be hidden who it is that goeth out against him, then peradventure he will perish by the hands of this young lion, and Iran, devoid of Rustum, will fall a prey into my hands. Then will we subdue Sohrab also, and all the world will be ours." So the united Tartar bands set out toward the kingdom of Kai Kaoos, and on the way Sohrab performed mighty deeds of valor, the fame of which was loudly sounded through the land of Iran. The king in terror sent to Rustum, asking him to come forth from his retirement and lead the army against this new conqueror. But Rustum tarried in his coming many days, and when at length he came the king was in great wrath, and threatened to put him to death. Then Rustum answered him with words of scorn: "I am a free man and no slave, and am servant alone unto God; and without Rustum Kai Kaoos is as nothing. But for me, who called forth Kai Kobad, thine eyes had never looked upon this throne. And had I desired it, I could have sat upon its seat. But now am I weary of thy follies, and I will turn me away from Iran, and when this Turk shall have put you under his yoke, I shall not learn thereof." Then he strode proudly from the king's presence, sprang upon Ruksh, and disappeared. And now the nobles and chieftains of Iran were in still greater terror because of this folly of their king, and they went to Rustum and with many prayers prevailed with him to return, and the king humbled himself and craved pardon from Rustum for his words spoken in anger, and bestowed rich gifts upon him. So Rustum prepared himself for the contest.

At length the two armies were face to face by the river Oxus. Sohrab, hoping ever to find Rustum, led Hujir, an Iranian captive, to a height overlooking the enemy's camp, and questioned him about the tents of the leaders; but Hujir answered falsely, and so he believed that Rustum's tent was not among them. He then challenged Kai Kaoos to single combat, and the craven king persuaded Rustum to meet the bold champion. When Rustum saw the youth and noble bearing of Sohrab his heart went out in compassion toward him, and he besought him to retire: "O young man, the air is warm and soft, but the earth is cold." And Sohrab, filled with a sudden and strange hope, said: "Tell me thy name, that my heart may rejoice in thy words, for it seemeth unto me that thou art none other than Rustum, the son of Zal." But Rustum denied that he was Rustum, for he deemed that Sohrab would be the more afraid when he beheld such prowess in an Iranian chieftain; and Sohrab was made sorrowful by his words.

And now the combat began. They fought with spears, with swords, with arrows, and with clubs. They strove until their mail was torn and covered with blood, and their horses spent with exhaustion. Rustum thought within himself that in all his days he had not met such a foe, and finally he was felled by a terrible blow from Sohrab's club. The day being then far spent, the champions rested for the night. Still troubled in mind, Sohrab sought again to know of Haman whether his antagonist might not be Rustum; but Haman, mindful of the command of his master, Afrasiab, replied that he knew the face of Rustum well, for he had often seen him in battle, and this man was not Rustum. On the morrow the champions again met, and again Sohrab urged peace: "For it seemeth unto me that this conflict is impure. And if thou wilt listen to my desires, my heart shall speak to thee of love. And for this cause I ask thee yet

again, tell me thy name, neither hide it any longer, for I behold that thou art of noble race. And it would seem unto me that thou art Rustum, the chosen one, the son of Zal." And Rustum answered: "O hero of tender age, we are not come forth to parley, but to combat, and mine ears are sealed against thy words of lure."

Then they joined battle, and from morning until the setting of the sun they struggled. At last Sohrab seized Rustum by the girdle and threw him to the ground, and would have ended his life had not Rustum, bethinking himself of a wile, cried out to him that in such contests it was the custom in Iran not to slay an adversary until he had been twice overcome. So again they rested, and that night Rustum prayed to his god Ormuzd that the strength of his earlier years might return. And Ormuzd heard his prayer. On the morning of the third day Rustum rushed upon Sohrab with renewed might, seized him with a terrible grasp, hurled him to the earth, so that his back was broken like a reed, and drew forth his sword to sever the body. Then Sohrab in agony cried: "I sped not forth for empty glory, but I went out to seek my father: for my mother had told me by what tokens I should know him, and I perish for longing after him. And now have my pains been fruitless, for it hath not been given unto me to look upon his face. Yet I say unto thee, if thou shouldest become a fish that swimmeth in the depths of the ocean, if thou shouldest change into a star that is concealed in the farthest heaven, my father would draw thee forth from thy hiding-place and avenge my death upon thee when he shall learn that the earth is become my bed. For my father is Rustum the Pehliva, and it shall be told unto him how that Sohrab, his son, perished in the quest after his face." At these words Rustum fell to the earth as if stricken by a blow, and he demanded of Sohrab some token of Rustum. Then Sohrab charged him to open his armor, and there

he saw the amulet of onyx upon his arm; and when he had seen it he cried out in terrible agony of soul. Then Sohrab asked that the army of Turan be permitted to return in peace. "As for me," he said, "I came like the thunder and I vanish like the wind, but perchance it is given unto us to meet again above." And then the spirit of Sohrab departed.

Now that Sohrab was dead, Rustum burned his tent, his throne, and all his arms and trappings of war. And he cried aloud continually, "I that am old have killed my son. My heart is sick unto death." The body of his son he bore to Seistan, and placed it in a noble tomb. And joy never again entered into the heart of Rustum. The heavy news was carried to the court of Samengan, and the old king tore his garments. And when Tahmineh knew that her son Sohrab was dead, she was beside herself with grief. She sent for his steed and his armor, and she stroked the steed, pressing his head to her breast and pouring her tears upon him. And the helmet that Sohrab had worn she kissed many times, and his gold and jewels she gave to the poor. A year she mourned, and then, borne down to death by her sorrow, her spirit departed to her son.

Note. There is no complete translation of the *Shah-Namah* in English. The standard version is the French version of Jules Mohl, published by Madame Mohl in 1876. There is an English version by Mr. James Atkinson, giving an epitome of the poem from a Persian abridgment. Portions of the poem will be found in Mr. Robinson's *Persian Poetry for English Readers,* and in Miss Zimmern's *Heroic Tales from Firdusi the Persian.* This adaptation has been drawn upon for the foregoing narrative. The study of Firdusi's exile has been told in pleasing verse by Edmund W. Gosse in his *Firdusi in Exile.*

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

AN EPISODE

And [1] the first gray of morning filled the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus [2] stream.
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hushed, and still the men were plunged in sleep;
Sohrab [3] alone, he slept not; all night long
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;
But when the gray dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
And [4] went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's [5] tent.
Through the black Tartar tents he passed, which stood
Clustering like beehives on the low flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snow in high Pamere; [6]
Through the black tents he passed, o'er that low strand,

And to a hillock came, a little back
From the stream's brink — the spot where first a boat,
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.
The men of former times had crowned the top
With a clay fort; but that was fall'n, and now
The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,
A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood
Upon the thick piled carpets in the tent,
And found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dulled; for he slept light,[1] an old man's sleep;
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said: —
"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?"
But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said:
"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa! it is I.
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep; but I sleep not; all night long I lie
Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,

In Samarcand,[1] before the army marched;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan [2] first
I came among the Tartars and bore arms,
I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This too thou know'st, that while I still bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,
And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek [3] one man, one man, and one alone —
Rustum,[4] my father; who I hoped should greet,
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field,
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hoped, but him I never find.
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.
Let the two armies rest to-day; but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man; if I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall —
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.
Dim is the rumor of a common fight,[5]
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk;
But of a single combat fame speaks clear."

He spoke; and Peran-Wisa took the hand

Of the young man in his, and sighed, and said:
"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press forever first,
In single fight incurring single risk,
To find a father thou hast never seen?
That were far best, my son, to stay with us
Unmurmuring; in our tents, while it is war,
And when 'tis truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.
But, if this one desire indeed rules all,
To seek out Rustum — seek him not through fight!
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him, for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray;
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Seistan,[1] with Zal,[2] his father old.
Whether that[3] his own mighty strength at last
Feels the abhorred approaches of old age,
Or in some quarrel with the Persian King.
There go! — thou wilt not? Yet my heart fore-
bodes

Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us; fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain; — but who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening, [1] and who govern Rustum's son?
Go, I will grant thee what thy heart desires."
So said he, and dropped Sohrab's hand, and left
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay;
And o'er his chilly limbs his woolen coat
He passed, and tied his sandals on his feet,
And threw a white cloak round him, and he took
In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;
And on his head he set his sheepskin cap,
Black, glossy, curled, the fleece of Kara-Kul; [2]
And raised the curtain of his tent, and called
His herald to his side, and went abroad.
The sun by this had risen, and cleared the fog
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands.
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed
Into the open plain; so Haman [3] bade —
Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.

From their black tents, long files of horse, they streamed;
As when some gray November morn the files,
In marching order spread, of long-necked cranes
Stream over Casbin [1] and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some frore [2] Caspian reed-bed, southward bound
For the warm Persian seaboard — so they streamed.
The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,
First, with black sheepskin caps and with long spears;
Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara come
And Khiva,[3] and ferment the milk of mares.[4]
Next, the more temperate Toorkmuns [5] of the south,
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
And those from Attruck [6] and the Caspian sands;
Light men and on light steeds, who only drink
The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.
And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
From far, and a more doubtful service owned; [7]
The tartars of Ferghana,[8] from the banks
Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards
And close-set skullcaps; and those wilder hordes
Who roam o'er Kipchak [9] and the northern waste,

Kalmucks[1] and unkempt Kuzzaks,[2] tribes who stray
Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,[3]
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere;
These all filed out from camp into the plain.
And on the other side the Persians formed; —
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seemed,
The Ilyats of Khorassan;[4] and behind,
The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
Marshaled battalions bright in burnished steel.
But Peran-Wisa with his herald came,
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.
And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
He took his spear, and to the front he came,
And checked his ranks, and fixed them where they stood.
And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said:
"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear!
Let there be truce between the hosts to-day.
But choose a champion from the Persian lords
To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man."

As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearled ears,
A shiver runs through the deep corn [1] for joy —
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.
But as a troop of peddlers, from Cabool,[2]
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,[3]
That vast sky-neighboring mountain of milk snow;
Crossing so high, that, as they mount, they pass
Long flocks of traveling birds dead on the snow,
Choked by the air,[4] and scarce can they themselves
Slake their parched throats with sugared mulberries —
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows —
So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.
And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up
To counsel; Gudurz and Zoarrah came,
And Feraburz,[5] who ruled the Persian host
Second, and was the uncle of the King;
These came and counseled, and then Gudurz said:
"Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,

Yet champion have we none to match this youth.
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits
And sullen, and has pitched his tents apart.
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.
Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up."
So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and cried:
"Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said!
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man."
He spake: and Peran-Wisa turned, and strode
Back through the opening squadrons to his tent.
But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,
And crossed the camp which lay behind, and reached,
Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents.
Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,
Just pitched; the high pavilion in the midst
Was Rustum's, and his men lay camped around.
And Gudurz entered Rustum's tent, and found
Rustum; his morning meal was done, but still
The table stood before him, charged with food —
A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,

And dark-green melons; and there Rustum sate[1]
Listless, and held a falcon[2] on his wrist,
And played with it; but Gudurz came and stood
Before him; and he looked, and saw him stand,
And with a cry sprang up and dropped the bird,
And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said:[3]
"Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight.
What news? but sit down first, and eat and drink."
But Gudurz stood in the tent door, and said:
"Not now! a time will come to eat and drink,
But not to-day; to-day has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze;
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion — and thou know'st his name —
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's!
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart;
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs[4] are old,
Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose!"
He spoke; but Rustum answered with a smile:
"Go to![5] if Iran's chiefs are old, then I

Am older; if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely; for the King, for Kai Khosroo,[1]
Himself is young, and honors younger men,
And lets the aged molder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young —
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl[2] I have —
A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-haired Zal,[3]
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,
And he has none to guard his weak old age.
There would I go, and hang my armor up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man,
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,
And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more."

He spoke, and smiled; and Gudurz made reply:
"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks

Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face? Take heed lest men should say:
'Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men.'"

And, greatly moved, then Rustum made reply:
"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,
Valiant or craven, young or old to me?
Are not they mortal, am not I myself?
But who for men of naught would do great deeds?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame!
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was matched
In single fight with any mortal man."

He spoke, and frowned; and Gudurz turned, and ran
Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy —
Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.
But Rustum strode to his tent door, and called
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel; the arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device,
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,

And, from the fluted spine atop, a plume
Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume.
So armed, he issued forth; and Ruksh,[1] his horse,
Followed him like a faithful hound at heel —
Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth,
The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,
And reared him; a bright bay, with lofty crest,
Dight[2] with a saddlecloth of broidered green
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were worked
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know.
So followed, Rustum left his tents, and crossed
The camp, and to the Persian host appeared.
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hailed; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein,[3] in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale[4] of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands —
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,
And Sohrab armed in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swath
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare —
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blackened fingers makes her fire —
At cockcrow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whitened window-panes —
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum eyed
The unknown adventurous youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs; long he perused
His spirited air, and wondered who he was.
For very young he seemed, tenderly reared;

Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound —
So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared.
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckoned to him with his hand, and said:
"O thou young man, the air of heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold!
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me! I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried;[1] and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe —
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.[2]
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be governed! quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die!
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."
So he spake, mildly; Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum, and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,

Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Hath builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers; and he saw that head,
Streaked with its first gray hairs; — hope filled his soul,
And he ran forward and embraced his knees,
And clasped his hand within his own, and said:
"Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
Art thou not Rustum? speak! art thou not he?"
But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turned away, and spake to his own soul:
"Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean!
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say: 'Rustum is here!'
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast-tide, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry:
'I challenged once, when the two armies camped
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they

Shrank, only Rustum dared; then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.'
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud;
Then were [1] the chiefs of Iran shamed through me."

And then he turned, and sternly spake aloud:
"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast called
By challenge forth; make good thy vaunt or yield!
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee!
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were revealed,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this —
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul:
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and yield,
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods,
Oxus in summer wash them all away."

He spoke; and Sohrab answered, on his feet:
"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so!
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.

But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin! thou art more vast, more dread [1] than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young,
But yet success sways with the breath of heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour."

He spoke, and Rustum answered not, but hurled
His spear; down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk,
That long has towered in the airy clouds,
Drops like a plummet; Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash; the spear
Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide; — then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield; sharp rang,

The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield; an unlopped [1] trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough — like those which men in treeless plains
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis [2] or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs,[3] the wind in winter time
Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,[4]
And strewn the channels with torn boughs — so huge
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.
And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand;
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said:

"Thou strik'st too hard! that club of thine will
float
Upon the summer floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth! not wroth am I;
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul,
Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum; be it so
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul.
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too!—
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
But never was my heart thus touched before.
Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the
heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight; fight *them*, when they confront thy
spear!
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"

He ceased, but while he spake, Rustum had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage; his club
He left to lie, but had regained his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mailed right hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn star,[1]
The baleful sign of fevers; dust had soiled
His stately crest, and dimmed his glittering arms.
His breast heaved, his lips foamed, and twice his voice
Was choked with rage; at last these words broke way:
"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!
Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight, let me hear thy hateful voice no more!
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance;
But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war; I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!
Remember all thy valor; try thy feints
And cunning! all the pity I had is gone;
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts

With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's
wiles."
He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts.
And he too drew his sword; at once they rushed
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west; their shields
Dashed with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees — such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural [1] conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in heaven, and darked the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they
alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes

And laboring breath; first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin,
And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore [1] away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
And Rustum bowed his head; but then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry; —
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pained desert lion, who all day
Hath trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand.
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quailed not, but rushed on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bowed
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,

And in the hand the hilt remained alone.
Then Rustum raised his head: his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted: "Rustum!" — Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed: back he recoiled one step,
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form;
And then he stood bewildered; and he dropped
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reeled, and, staggering back, sank to the ground;
And then the gloom dispersed, and [1] the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair —
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.
Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began:
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent;
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go;
And then that all the Tartar host would praise

Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied:
"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I matched with ten such men as thee,
And I were that which till to day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that belovéd name unnerved my arm —
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear:
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,

And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell
Far off; — anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers — never more
Shall the lake glass her,[1] flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by —
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

But, with a cold incredulous voice he said:
"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son."

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied:
"Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,

Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here;
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son!
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be?
Oh, could I live till I that grief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
With that old king, her father, who grows gray
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honor, when the war is done.
But a dark rumor will be bruited up,[1]
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;
And then will that defenseless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more,
But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain."

He spoke; and as he ceased, he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke; but Rustum listened, plunged in thought.
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he called back names he knew;

For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all —
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
Rustum should seek the boy, to train in arms.
And so he deemed that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style [1] of Rustum's son;
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deemed he: yet he listened, plunged in thought;
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon: tears gathered in his eyes;
For he remembered his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture: as, at dawn,
The shepherd from his mountain lodge descries
A far, bright city, smitten [2] by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds — so Rustum saw
His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;
And that old king,[3] her father, who loved well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy; and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer time —
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills

In Ader-baijan. And he saw that youth,
Of age and looks to be [1] his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskillful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grassplots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass — so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said:
"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved!
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false — thou art not Rustum's son
For Rustum had no son; one child he had —
But one — a girl; who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us —
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."
But Sohrab answered him in wrath; for now
The anguish of the deep-fixed spear grew fierce,
And he desired to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die —
But first he would convince his stubborn foe;

And, rising sternly on one arm, he said:

"Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear
The seal [1] which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore."

He spoke; and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks,
And his knees tottered, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavily mailed hand,
That [2] the hard iron corselet clanked aloud;
And to his heart he pressed the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said:

"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie!
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."

Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,
And showed a sign in faint vermilion points
Pricked: as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift — at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands —
So delicately pricked the sign appeared

On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that griffin,[1] which of old reared Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks;
Him that kind creature found and reared, and loved —
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scanned it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touched it with his hand, and said:
"How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"
He spoke; but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless; and then he uttered one sharp cry:
"O boy — thy father!" — and his voice choked there.
And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawled to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips,
And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life; and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,

And they stood wide with horror: and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirched his hair, —
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms;
And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him: and he clutched his sword,
To draw it, and forever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spake, and said:
"Father, forbear! for I but meet to-day
The doom which at my birth was written down
In heaven, and thou art heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it! but fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged
The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this! I find
My father; let me feel that I have found!
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say: 'My son!'

Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away —
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
But it was writ in heaven that this should be."
So said he, and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast
His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts,
When they saw Rustum's grief; and Ruksh, the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
First to the one then to the other moved
His head, as if inquiring what their grief
Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes
The big warm tears rolled down, and caked the sand.
But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said:
"Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet
Should first have rotted on their nimble joints,
Or ere they brought thy master to this field!"

But Sohrab looked upon the horse, and said:
"Is this, then, Ruksh? How often, in past days,
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed,
My terrible father's terrible horse! and said,
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane!
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuffed the breezes of my father's home.
And thou hast trod the sand of Seistan,
And seen the River of Helmund,[1] and the Lake
Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself
Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food,
Corn in a golden platter soaked with wine,
And said: 'O Ruksh! bear Rustum well,' — but I
Have never known my grandsire's furrowed face,
Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,
Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream;
But lodged among my father's foes, and seen
Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand,
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk
The desert rivers, Moorghab[2] and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,

The northern Sir;[1] and this great Oxus stream,
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."
Then, with a heavy groan, Rustum bewailed:
"Oh, that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh, that I saw its grains of yellow silt[2]
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!'
But, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied:
"Desire not that, my father! thou must live.
For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscured, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age;
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come! thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these!
Let me entreat for them; what have they done?
They followed me, my hope, my fame, my star.
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seistan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me,
Thou, and the snow-haired Zal, and all thy friends.
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,

And plant a far-seen pillar over all.
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and cry:
'Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill!'
And I be not forgotten in my grave."

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied:
"Fear not! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be; for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,
And carry thee away to Seistan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,
With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.
And I will spare thy host; yea, let them go!
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace!
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all that I have ever slain
Might be once more alive; my bitterest foes,
And they who were called champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have—

And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown,
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son!
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine! and I might die, not thou;
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan;
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine;
And say: 'O son, I weep thee not too sore,
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end!'
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age,
And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied:
"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man!
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now,
Not yet! but thou shalt have it on that day
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave."

And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and said:
"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!

Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."
He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flowed with the stream; — all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soiled,
Like the soiled tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gathered, on their native bank,
By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye; his head drooped low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay —
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep heavy gasps quivering through all his frame,
Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,
And fixed them feebly on his father's face;
Till now all strength was ebbed, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world
So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead;
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak

Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars, once high-reared
By Jemshid [1] in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side —
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darkened all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal;
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward, the Tartars by the river marge;
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,[2]
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste,
Under the soiltary moon; — he flowed
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,[3]
Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands begin

To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents; that for many a league
The shorn and parceled Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles —
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foiled circuitous wanderer — till at last
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses[1] play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go, —
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know, —
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain, —
Surely she will come again!
Call her once, and come away;
This way, this way!

"Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild white horses foam and fret."
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down:
Call no more!
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come, though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay, —
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;

Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea;
She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah me!
And I lose my poor soul,[1] merman! here with thee."
I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;

Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.

Children dear, was it yesterday?
Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the small
leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah! she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the Holy Book.
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its
toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy
well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,

Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children;
Come, children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door:
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.

We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,[1]
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When the spring-tides [2] are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,[3]
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side,

And then come back down,
Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea."

NOTES

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

19, 1. And: This form of opening indicates the episodical character of the poem.

2. **Oxus:** The classical name of the great river now called Amoo Daria. It was the scene of many important events in ancient history. Consult Classical Dictionary and Encyclopedia Britannica.

3. **Sohrab** (*sō'räb*): Note the effect of the repetition.

4. Suggest similar repetitions of *and* in the Scriptures.

5. **Peran-Wisa** (*pē'rän we'sä*): The commander of King Afrasiab's (*af-rä'sĭ-äb*) army.

6. **Pamere** (*pä-meer'*): Usually written *Pamir;* an elevated steppe or plateau in which the Oxus has its source, — a part of the great Himalayan plateau.

20, 1. He slept light: So Shakespeare says, in *Romeo and Juliet,* II, 3:

> "Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
> And where care lodges sleep will never lie."

21, 1. Samarcand (*säm-ar-känd'*): The ancient *Marcanda,* destroyed by Alexander; later the great conqueror Timur's capital. See map of Asia.

2. **Ader-baijan** (*äd'er-bī'yän*): A northern province of Persia.

3. **I seek . . . son:** What effect is produced by the repetitions in this sentence?

4. **Rustum** (*rōōs'tum*): This celebrated Persian hero is

supposed to have lived about 600 years B.C. His romantic life, a mixture of fact and fiction, is the favorite theme of Persian poets. Some believe that he was a commander under Cyrus the Great. The name is variously spelled *Roostam, Roostem, Rostem, Roustem*, etc.

5. **Common fight:** General fight, in which all are engaged.

22, 1. **Seistan** (*se-is-tän'*): Also *Sistan*. A province and lake in Afghanistan.

2. **Zal** (*zäl*): He was distinguished in Persian legend as a hero, but mainly as the father of Rustum.

3. **Whether that . . . Or in:** Either because . . . Or because of.

23, 1. **Ravening:** Obtaining prey by violence, like animals. So in *Ezekiel* xxii, 25: "like a roaring lion ravening the prey."

2. **Kara-kul** (*kä'rä-kool*): A famous pasturage for sheep in Bokhara.

3. **Haman** (*hä'man*): In the original poem he aids in deceiving Sohrab as to his father's presence in the Persian army.

24, 1. **Casbin:** Also *Kasvin;* a city of Persia, once the seat of royalty. Near it, to the north, are the Elburz (*el'boorz*) mountains.

2. **Frore:** Frozen, frosty. A. S., *froren*, from *freosan*, to freeze.

3. **Khiva** (*ke'vä*): An important province, or khanate, of Turkestan. Its capital is *Khiva.*

4. **Milk of mares:** This intoxicating liquor, used by the Tartars, is called *koumiss.* The name is now applied to a somewhat similar preparation of milk for invalids.

5. **Toorkmuns:** The Toorkmuns, or Turkomans, are Tartars inhabiting the steppe east of the Caspian and south of the Oxus.

6. **Attruck:** Also *Atrak;* a river emptying into the Caspian Sea.

7. A more doubtful service owned: They did not acknowl-

edge obedience to King Afrasiab, and therefore formed an uncertain part of the army.

8. **Ferghana** (*fer-ghä'nä*): A province of Turkestan, in which are the head-waters of the river Jaxartes, (*jax-ar'teez*), the modern Sihon, or Syr Daria.

9. **Kipchak**: A name once applied to a large region bordering the Caspian Sea on the north.

25, 1. **Kalmucks**: Or *Calmucks;* a nomadic race, inhabiting various parts of the Russian and Chinese empires. They live in "conical felt tents, set up in regular lines like the streets of a town. Their wealth consists entirely in small but high-spirited horses, excellent cattle, and broad-tailed, rough-fleeced sheep."

2. **Kuzzaks** (*kooz'zaks*). The modern Cossacks, a wandering Russian tribe.

3. **Kirghizzes** (*kĭr'ghĭ-zeez*): A fierce Mongolian tribe from the high mountainous regions.

4. **Khorassan** (*ko-räs-sän'*): "The land of the Sun"; a northeastern province of Persia. **Ilyats** (*il'ĭ-äts*), a word meaning *tribes,* is applied collectively to the Tartar tribes of this province.

26, 1. **Corn**: Used in the European sense of *grain,* as wheat, barley, etc.

2. **Cabool** (*kä-bool'*): Also *Cabul* and *Kabul;* the capital of Afghanistan.

3. **Indian Caucasus**: The same as the Hindoo Koosh mountains, between Afghanistan and Turkestan.

4. **Choked by the air**: Explain the conditions that produce this effect. Suggest any Alpine experiences or adventures that justify the description contained in this fine simile, page 26, lines 7 to 16.

5. **Gudurz** (*goo'doorz*); **Zoarrah** (*zo-är'räh*); **Feraburz** (*fe'rä-boorz*).

28, 1. **Sate**: Obsolete form of *sat.*

2. **Falcon**: Falconry, or the sport of using falcons and hawks in hunting, has been practiced in the East from the

most ancient times. It was known in China 2000 years B.C. According to Layard, "a falconer, bearing a hawk on his wrist" was found represented in the bas-reliefs of Nineveh.

3. Those who are familiar with Homer's *Iliad* will find many suggestive similarities in Arnold's poem, notably in the simple and direct language, in the fine similes, and in some of the incidents. This appeal to Rustum recalls the appeal to the "implacable Achilles" in the *Iliad*, book ix. The poem is an evidence of Arnold's splendid classical culture and of his ability to make English verses truly Homeric in quality.

4. **Iran's chiefs:** Persia is called *Iran* by the Persians themselves. According to the Shah-Namah, there were two brothers, Iran and Tur, from whom sprang the Iranians and Turanians.

5. **Go to:** An old phrase of exhortation, often contemptuous, common in the Scriptures and in Shakespeare, as in *Twelfth Night*, IV, 1: "Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow."

29, 1. **Kai Khosroo** (*kī kos-roo'*): The Persian name of Cyrus the Great. He was the third of the Kaianian dynasty, the founder of which, Kai Kobad, according to legend, was placed upon the throne by Rustum. In the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam (Fitzgerald's translation) we have:

> "What have we to do
> With Kaikobad the Great, or Kaikhosru?
> Let Zal and Rustum thunder as they will."

Arnold has transferred the scene of the poem from the reign of Kai Kaoos, as given in the Shah-Namah, to the more glorious reign of Kai Khosroo.

2. **Helpless girl:** He had been deceived by the mother. See Introduction, and line 23, page 45 to line 5, page 46.

3. **Snow-haired Zal:** He was born with white hair, and this

being regarded as an ill omen by the father, he was exposed upon the mountains to perish; but was miraculously preserved by a prodigious bird and received again by his father. See lines 2–6, page 49.

31, 1. **Ruksh** (*rooksh*): This horse plays an important part in the story of Rustum (see Introduction). Recall other famous horses of mythical and historical heroes, as the "swift-footed" Xanthus of Achilles, Alexander's Bucephalus, the Cid's Babieca, etc.

2. **Dight**: Decked, arrayed. From A. S. *dihtan*, to prepare, dress. So in Milton's *L'Allegro:*

"The clouds in thousand liveries *dight*."

3. **Bahrein** (*bä'rān*): An island in the Persian Gulf, famous for its pearl fisheries.

4. **Tale**: Number or reckoning. From A. S. *talian* to tell, count. The Israelites in Egypt had to make their "tale of bricks."

33, 1. **Tried**: The same as *proved*, line 3, page 36.

2. The antithesis here is strengthened by alliteration.

35, 1. **Were**: Would be.

36, 1. **Dread**: Inspiring awe, or fear. So "dread sovereign."

37, 1. **Unlopped**: Not cut and trimmed with an axe. The Cyclops, Polyphemus, used a pine tree as a walking-stick (Virgil's *Æneid*, bk. iii). The weapon of Hercules was a club.)

2. **Hyphasis** (*hi-fa'sis*) or **Hydaspes** (*hi-das'peez*): Rivers of Northern India, tributaries of the Indus, the modern Beas and Jhelum.

3. **Dark springs**: Why "dark springs"?

4. **Wrack**: Wreck, ruin; A. S. *wræc*.

39, 1. **Autumn star**: Sirius, the dog-star, is probably referred to, an object of much superstition in both ancient and modern times.

40, 1. **Unnatural**: It was against nature that father and son should be thus fighting.

41, 1. **Shore:** Obsolete preterite of *shear*, allowable only in poetry. From A. S. *sceran*, to cut; *scarf*, *scrip*, *share*, *shore*, *shred*, and many other words indicating something *cut off*, are from this root.

42, 1. What is the effect of the repetition of *and?* Compare *Matthew* vii, 27.

44, 1. **Glass her:** Reflect her image, like a mirror.

45, 1. **Bruited up:** Circulated, noised abroad.

46, 1, **The style:** The title, or name.

2. **Smitten:** Note the appropriateness of the word, to describe the sudden effect of the sun's rays shooting forth from behind a cloud.

3. **That old king:** The king of Samengan. See Introduction.

47, 1. **Of age and looks to be:** Of such age and looks that he might be.

48, 1. **The seal:** In the original it is an onyx amulet, which he was to wear upon his arm. Why did Arnold change the token of recognition?

2. **That:** So that.

49, 1. **Griffin:** The marvelous vulture (like the Roc in the Arabian Nights) that rescued and nurtured Zal when cast away by his father.

52, 1. **Helmund** (*hel'moond*): A river of Afghanistan, flowing through the province of Seistan. Near it is Lake **Zirrah** (*zĭr'răh*), now little more than a marsh. Wide possessions here had been given to Rustum by the Persian monarchs.

2. **Moorghab, Tejend** (*te-yend'*), **Kohik** (*ko-hik'*): Rivers of Turkestan that are gradually lost in the desert.

53, 1. **Northern Sir:** The Syr Daria, ancient Jaxartes.

2. **Grains of yellow silt:** Mud or fine soil carried along by the water and finally deposited.

57, 1. **Jemshid** (*jem'sheed*): An ancient king of Persia, who is supposed to have added to the splendors of Persepolis, the ruins of which are now called Chilminar, the "Forty Pillars."

2. **But the majestic river floated on:** The author begins and ends the poem with the picture of the smooth-flowing river, thus giving it a beautiful artistic setting. The sublime tranquillity of nature is undisturbed by human suffering and tragedy. Nothing of its kind in modern poetry is finer than this conclusion.

3. **Orgunjè** (*or'goon-je*): A village on the Oxus, below Khiva.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

59. The mermaid myth is common to the Celtic people of the British Isles, and under various names is found in the folk lore of Germany and Scandinavia. In Cornwall the mermen and mermaids are called "merry men" and "merry maids." The belief in the frequent union of these sea-creatures with mortals was so well established in the Middle Ages that great families sometimes traced their ancestry to such unions and placed the figure of a mermaid on their coats of arms. The theme is frequently employed in Danish ballads, as in *Agnete and the Merman*, a direct antecedent of *The Forsaken Merman*. Arnold uses it again, but not so happily, in *The Neckan*. Variations of the theme are found in Fouqué's *Undine*, the story of *Melusina*, in S. Baring-Gould's *Myths of the Middle Ages*, Grimm's *The Golden Mermaid*, and Hans Christian Andersen's *Little Sea-Maid*.

This graceful romantic poem, made from the material of pure and tender imagination, is an exception to the general austerity and classic formalism of Arnold's verse; and its melody, though not perfect, is more free and sweet than his singing voice could usually command. In spite of occasional dissonance and an over-elaborate simplicity, "it is a great poem," says Professor Saintsbury, "one by itself, one which finds and keeps its own place in the foreordained gallery or museum, with which every true lover of poetry is provided, though he inherits it by degrees. No one, I suppose, will

deny its pathos; I should be sorry for any one who fails to perceive its beauty."

59, 1. Wild white horses: This fancy forms the substance of Kipling's poem, the *White Horses*.

61, 1. Lose my poor soul: Naturally the church regarded these supposed alliances with superstitious horror, as much worse than ordinary paganism, and pronounced its ban upon them accordingly.

65, 1. At midnight, etc.: In this passage the poet makes a charming adaptation of the belief that evil spirits of all kinds were permitted to wander on earth between midnight and cock-crow. The ghost, in *Hamlet*, appeared "jump at the dead hour" of midnight. These dwellers in darkness may visit the sleeping town, but "the church on the hill-side" indicates their immutable exile from among the children of light.

2. **Spring tides:** The highest tides, occurring at new and full moon, opposed to neap tides. When the moon is full, the high spring tide will be at moon-rise and the low at midnight.

3. **Broom:** A shrubby plant with bright yellow flowers that grows in profusion, in connection with the pretty bell-heather, on the great heaths of southwest England; the same as the French *plante genêt*, whence *Plantagenet*, the broom being the badge of this royal family.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

FORM

1. Relate the story briefly, giving the events of the action, without explanations from the introduction.

2. Is the story complete in itself? Why does the author call it an "Episode"?

3. Explain the abrupt beginning of the poem.

4. Is action the chief element of the poem, or description, or reflection?

5. What is the metre of the poem?

6. Secure a clear definition of an epic poem and note how far this poem meets the requirements of the definition.

7. Compare it with other short epic poems, such as Tennyson's *Idylls of the King.*

8. There are many Homeric features in the poem, the single combat, the supernatural accompaniments, Rustum camping apart in resentful mood, the similes, and the long speeches. Compare with the *Iliad* in these details.

9. By what beautiful devise does the poet give definite limits of time to the action?

10. Could the poem be put into dramatic form and presented upon the stage? What would be gained and lost by such change of form?

STYLE

11. Note the character of the language used, simple, clear, forceful words in straightforward expression. Compare with *Paradise Lost* in this respect.

12. From what source did Matthew Arnold derive this

severe simplicity of style? Is it characteristic of his other works?

13. Make a careful study of the Homeric similes. Does each one present a vivid picture? Do they add to the interest of the poem, or do they detract from the interest by interrupting the progress of the action? Are they too numerous?

14. You will note the frequent repetition of phrases. What is the poet's purpose in these repetitions?

15. Study the peculiar repetition of *and*, justifying each instance if possible.

16. Select two or three passages, outside the similes, that show a skilful use of a few words to present a complete picture.

17. The author says, in his essay "On Translating Homer," that epic poetry must be written in the "grand style." Is this poem in the "grand style"? Look up this matter in the essay.

MORAL CONTENT

18. To what extent is the love of fame a fundamental element in the action of the poem?

19. What was Sohrab's motive for fighting? What was Rustum's motive?

20. Where does the responsibility for the final tragedy lie?

21. The ideal hero of an epic poem must possess noble qualities. Is Sohrab such a hero? Is Rustum? Define to yourself clearly the personal qualities of each.

22. Find at the beginning of the poem a hint of what is to occur, a key-note that sounds the sad ending.

23. Rustum's dramatic exclamation "Rustum" marks the climax of the action. Did he intend to reveal himself by this cry? What was its effect upon Sohrab?

24. At what point is the pathos of the last scene deepest?

25. Are the last lines, descriptive of the river, intended to be symbolical of human life?

26. What is the effect of the story upon you as you finish it?

Audrey Reynolds